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Ormerod, Oliver (1811-1879)

***O Ful, Tru, un Pertikler Okeawnt o Bwoth Wat Aw Seed
un Wat Aw Yerd We Goin To Th' Greyt Eggshibishun e
Lundun, [...] be O Felley fro Rachde (1856)***

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O FELLEY FRO RACHDE'S
TRU UN PERTIKLER OKEAWNT O BWOth WAT E SEED, UN WAT
E YERD, WE GOIN TO TH'
GREYT EGGSHIBISHUN
E LUNDUN.

CHAPTUR FURST.

Obeawt gooin fro whome un nevir goo into popshops.—Startin fur th' Greyt Eggshibishun.—Loike fur to bin taen in we o cab chap.—Gettin to Meslur Simon Pike's, e Lundun.—Loike to bin taen in we o Ladi.—Seein rooks o cabs un foke.—Taen in we o homnibus felley.—Gooin tuth Kryslil Palus.

TO maw thynkin evury mon us con foind toime un brass, shud neaw un then goo fro whome, fur iv o mon keawurs deawn uv his oan durstoane O his loive, E durent kno naut o wat's gooin on in his oan nativ lond, heaw con E? un ut tis presunt taim to maw thynkin, aw'd eldur goo fur o sodier, nur olis stop wheere aw wur born, just mete saime us o moile stoane ur o turmit. Wen o mon's bin o travillur, un ad o deyle o diskoarse we his felley kratur, E con goo hinto ony mak o kumpany us E appens fur to be ax'd fur to goo hinto, beawt lookin sich o foo. It mays his moind grew biggur, un saime toime iv it wor fur to grew biggur evury day, E nevir needs his clewus lettin eawt. Us soune as aw yerd uth Krystil Palus, un wat foke sed us ud bin theere, thynks aw to mesel, "that's the ticket," un aw startud o studyin obeawt it, un ofore lung aw 'greed wi mesel us aw'd goo, othur be hooke ur be krooke. Aw'd saift o bit o brass, un we that aw'd no sanner koimn too o konklushun fur to goo, nur aw wor welley reddy fur to "kut me blessed stik." Iv aw'd had no brass, aw'd nevir o dun us aw bin towd o deyle o chaps han dun. Waw! they sen us mony o won us popt bwoth watchus un clewus o purpus fur to raze brass fur to goo we.

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Aw nevir popt naut e O me loive, un, bith mon, aw'd raythur clem nur send aut op th' speawt ut me unkle's, fur aw nevir noed o chap us went mich too o pop shop, us geet on, un no mon livin con, to maw thynkin.

Ofore aw seet hoff, aw spirr'd ov o felley us ud bin, us aw kepe kumpani wee, obeawt wheere aw met stay O neet un sich loike; un wen aw'd maid streyte we mi wark,

un getten me maistur fur to sa us aw met goo, aw geet op soune won mornin, fur aw cud slepe noane that neet, not aw, un aw donn'd me hallida clewus on, un wen aw'd getten me breykfust (fur aw con olis heyte iv aw connut slepe), aw startud hoff, koed un shook honds, un sich loike, we Jinny, un laft fur Mestur Simon Pike's, e Gumshun-strete, Lundun. Aw tuke we me o lott o stuf fur to kepe me gooin ith heytin loine, til aw geet tuth fur end, us aw cuddent be himpost on oppo th' rode.

Wen aw fund mysel e me shet ith ralercxle carrige un gradely startud fro Manchesstur, aw cud ardly beleeve me oan ten, saime toime it wor so, us ony boddi met set us noeci me. Aw dunnut kno us it wod be ov ony mak o use fur me to roite mich obeawt wat aw seed oppo th' rode, fur we wenten so sharp whol aw cuddent see mony thyngs us aw'd ony mak o skil on, obut neaw un then tuthre keaws un orses us wor freetunt un cut hoff wen they seed th' trane comin.

Aw seed sum foriners get eawt uth trane e won plaze, aw gues fur to get summut fur to heyte un sup, un wen aw seed um goo hinto o plaze us wor fine enuf fur o Parleyment mon fur to heyte in, thynks aw tu mesel, yo'l ha to pay fur yor wissuls, owd lads. Eh! wat o chin won on um ad, O cuvert we ure, aw cuddent but studdi heaw E cud foinde th' rode hinto his meawth, aw gues E wor o Frenchmun o sum mak. We pood op ut o plaze koed Staffurd, un ut won koed Wulvurtun, un o deyle moore plazus besoide us aw connut rekillekt ut tis presunt toime, but those o maw reedurs wat's bin there, ul unbethynk um, aw dar sa. Ut last uv O, we koome to Lundun, un th' furst thing us aw did wor to set e me brass wor O reet, un fur to butten op me breechus pokits, feyrd ut sumhoddi met rob me, fur aw'd bin towd us Lundun wor welley ful o pickpokits.

Wen aw geet eawt uth carrige, eh! wat o iott o coachus

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aw seed, oboon o hundurth to maw thynkin. Won chap koome op to me un sed, Waunt o cab, Sur? Roidin e cabs wor otogethur eawt o maw loine, saime toime us it wur gettin lat, aw thaut aw'd av o doo fur wonse e me loife, iv aw cud com at it meterly chep. Aw'd yerd us theese cab chaps olis ax'd o greyte deyle moore nur they shud doo, un so aw sed, Aw'm fro Rachde, un aw'm gooin to Mestur Simon Pike's, e Gumshun-strete,

wat win yo tay me for, if Yo plez? Fur too un sixpunze, Sur, E sed. Aw sed, ol gie thee sixpunze e that ul doo, un bith mon, E cut hoff loike leetenin, un aw nevr seed naut no moore on im, so aw hook't me parsel oppo me umbrel, un startud hoff oppo foote, fur aw wur noane beawn to be dun. Aw'd getten derekshuns oppo o pese o pappur, un we furst spirrin o won poleese, un then uv onuther, aw koome ut last ov O to Mestur Simon Pike's dur, un sum fane aw wur. Aw seed o nocker on his dur, un aw'd no sannur letten it hoff, nur o yung ladi koome tuth dur, un aw sed, Iv yo piez, aw'm fro Rachde, its me wat sent o lettur obeawt stayin O neet heere, un wi that, hoo sed, Wauk in, Sur. Aw wor meterly wele plest we th' reawm us hoo show'd me hinto, fur it loukt clen un dasunt. Wen aw'd keawert me deawn tuthre minnits, Mestur Pike koome in, un ax't me heaw aw wur, un sich loike, un iv aw dident want summat fur to heyte, un aw sed, Aw doo, iv yo plez, un aw'l oathur ha porrich ur tay, us soun us evur yo con. E sed, Wat did u say, Sur? Aw sed, aw'l ha oathur porrich ur tay, but aw'd no sanner spokken, nur aw unbethaut me us E mettent kno wat porrich wor, un aw sed, Ol tak tay if yo plez, un oathur ard brade ur o loafe butterkake we it. Wen aw'd getten me baggin, hoff aw startud fur to see the greyte Sitty o Lundun, furst ov O takkin greyte kare us me breechus pokits wor buttent, us noboddi met pik um.

Aw ax'd me rode too o plaze koed Pikadilly, un wen aw geet theree, aw seed sich o rook o foke un carrigus us aw nevr seed e O me loife ofore, nevr; thynks aw to mesel, th' Quene mun be comin, un wi that, aw ax'd o poleesmun wat th' prosesshun wor for, un heaw sune it ud be gwon by, us aw met cros oer th' rode, un' to maw greyt gloppunment, E towd me us it wur nobbut wat wor reglar gooin on e that plaze; aw nevr seed naut loike it ofore, obut wen they wenten we Clemunt Royds tuth Blupits,

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toime us he wor hi-sherifin. Us aw wor stonnin theree hadmyrin wat wor gooin on, o Ladi koozne op to me un sed, How doo u doo, Sur? Aw sed, Yo'ne th' advantige on me, iv yo plez, aw nevr seed yo ofore us aw kno on, aw nobbut koome fro Rachde to-day. Indeede, hoo sed, I've seen u in Rochdil many o toime; is your mothur livvin now?

Thynks aw to mesel, aw sum deawts oppo that questin, un O ut wonst it koome hinto me yed, us hoo wur no bettur nur hoo shud be, un us hoo didnt kno naut obeawt Rachde. Aw sed too hur, Yo noane Rachde, dun yo? Hoo sed, sertainly. Wel, then, aw sed, con yo tel me heaw mony steps ther is op to th' owd church? Aw seed in o minnit us hoo wor fast, but just ut tis presunt taime o poleesman koome ap, un aw sed, Iv yo plez, this Ladi ses us hoo knoes me, un to maw thynkin, hoo's umbuggin me. We that E sed, Com moove on, un hoo kut hoff loike leetenin, e no toime. Aw wor noane sich o foo us hoo tooke me fur to be. Aw went forrud obeawt o moile fur, un wat we th' din o carrigus un foke, aw wor welley gawmles. Rachde rushbarin wor o foo too it, aw nevr seed naut loike it ofore, nevr; un us aw wor feyrd o missin me rode, bekose it wor grewin dark, aw turnt me reawnd ogen un geet saif un seawnd bak to Mestur Simon Pike's, un geet to bed. Nesht mornin, aw startud hoff to th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un, to maw thynkin, ther wer moore foke un carrigus nur aw seed th' neet ofore, aw nevr seed naut loike it, nevr. Aw felt e me pokits wor buttent un me brass O reet, un oway aw went us ard us ony on um us wor ofoote.

Aw seed o plaze koed Hide Park cornur, wheere th' Duke o Wellintun livs, him us lethurt Boneypart; E's getten o owd felley neaw. Aw hin towd us won neet, wen E wor ut o parti us th' Quene gan, us th' owd felley dropt oslepe in is cheer, un wen th' Quene seed im, hoo went un tikelt hiz faze, whol E wakent. Eh 1 heaw aw shud o stayrt iv hoo'd o dun it be me. Th' owd chap drest knots hoff Bony, didnt E? But aw'm hoff we feightin; aw'm O fur Cobdin un thame us wanten fur to doo oway we it otogethur, fur ther wod'ent be haue us mony kilt e ther wor no feightin. Oeronent th' Duke's heawse, uth top o wot they koen Konstitushun Hil, aw seed o kast iron likeness on im oppo orseback, us big us loife, un biggur. He'd o kloak on un o rowlur pin e won hond, saime us wimmen

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usen, wen they maen mowfins. Aw nevr noed afore wat E wor koed Iren Duke fur. Ut tis presunt tome it startud o raynin, un so aw thrutch'd me rode us fast us aw cud goo in o greyt creawd o foke, un us aw wor gooin an, o homnibus koome past, un o chap us

stoode uth bak soide on't bekont on me fur to get in; thynks aw to mesel E's o gud naturt chap; aw gues E sees us aw'm gettin me Sundi clewus deetud. E koed uth droiver fur to stop, un ax'd me iv aw wur for th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un aw sed, ah—un we that E towd me fur to get in, un in aw geet. We sounne koome tuth Krystil Palus. Eh! wat o rook o foke ther wor theree, aw nevr seed naut loike it ofore, nevr. Aw geet eawt uth homnibus, un aw sed tuth felley us leet me ride, Aw'm verri mich obleeght to yo aw'm shure, un aw con but thank yo, un aw wur turnin reawnd fur to goo hinto th' Palus, wen E turn'd on me as savidge us iv he'd o hetten me, un ax'd me fur forepenze. Forepenze, aw sed, wat for? Un E made onsur, Fur ridin, to be shure, Sur. Waw, aw sed, who ax'd thee fur to roide?

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Dident theaw koe on me fui te get in? But O us aw cud sa wor o no mak o use watsumevur, un th' powsement sed us iv aw dident pay theree un then, he'd koe o poleese us wor uth tuther soide uth rode, un, bith mon, wen aw yerd that, aw deawn wi me brass in o minnit. Aw seed us aw wor taen in; saime toinie, it wor a deyle bettur fur to saddle we th' powsedurt, nur get hinto o Nu Baley so fur fro whome. Thynks aw to mesel, iv aw'm dun ogen e this rode aw'm o Dutchmun, un we that,

Heere endeth th' Furst Chaptur.

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CHAPTUR SEKUND.

Obeawt wat aw sed ilk Krystil Palus.—The greyt Dimun.—Grand cheers un tabuls.—Sum stuft cals, un o frog bein shav't.—O deyle o foke fro forin paris, won chap we o chin loike o billy gole.—Obeawt 'freshmenl reawm, un foke heyтин ice.—Seed sum wull felleys fro Rachde, un o deyle o thyngs besoide us yo'l reed obeawt wen yo conn too il.—O presarvt pig too, us aw'd loike lo furgetten.

Aw waitud o greyt whoile ofore aw cud get oer th' rode tuth Palus, beawt bein run oer, fur ther wor sich carrigus un foke, aw nevr seed naut like it ofore, nevr. Ut last ov O, aw geet fare tuth dur uth Krystil Palus, un sum gloppent aw wor, aw cud ardlly beleewe

me oan een; aw stay'rt un stay'rt ogen, whol foke met thynk us aw wor noane reet e me yed, heawsumevur we o greyt deyle o thrutchin aw geet fur to pay me shillin, un in aw went. Us sune us aw'd getten gradely thru th' dur ole, o gentelmun ax'd me iv aw'd hay o katalog, un aw sed orn mich obleeght to yo, om shure, un ol tak kare fur to lev it yo ogen wen aw'm gooin eawt. They're o shillin eech, E sed. O, aw sed, that's onuthur kaze, it ul be o no mak o use to me wen aw get whome ogen, obut sellin it fur to lap shugur in, fur o deyle less nur hauve o wat yo axen for it; aw sed ol gie yo tuppunze fur to let me ha th' use on't till neet; heawsumevur E'd yer naut o that, un so aw went forrud. Aw wor noane beawn fur to be dun twice e won day. Un neaw fur the Krystil Palus, un wat aw seed. Bith mon, aw con arldy tel heaw fur to start o tellin th' gentul reedur wot ther wor ith Greyt Eggshibishun, aw nevir seed naut loike it ofore, nevir, un to maw thynkin, aw nevir shol ogen. Aw seed foke fro O quarturs welley, fro Frans un Yorkshur, fro Owdum un Jarmuny, mesel fro Rachde, foke fra Inde un Scotlun, un fro Omerika un Bakup, un Chiney, un fro Yeywud, un o deyle moore plazes us aw'v no mak o skil on. Ther's o plaze ith Skripter us aw'v just unbethaut me on, wat tels o greyt lott o foke us wor wonst ut Jeru-

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solum. It ul be fund ith sekund chaptur o th' gospil akwording to Acts, startin uth nynt vers. Yo mun foind it fur yorsels, un wen yo'ne sin it, un aw tel yo us ther wor moore maks o foke ith Greyt Eggshibishun, toime us aw'm speykin on, yo'l oppen yor een, aw kno.

Aw shol nevir hawse fur to tel obeawt O us aw seed, heaw con aw? un noboddi e Rachde cud, aw'm shure, saime toime aw mun do me best hindavur fur to insens yo hinto it, us aw con. Aw geet in ut wat they koen seawth entruns, un, bith mon, e ther wer'nt sum trees grewin, un gradely big uns too, its tru, fur shure. Aw wor wele plest fur to see th' Quene, un Prins Halburt, oppo orsebak, us natteruble us loife, un us whoite us chauk; they'm wele dun, verri. Close osoide on um, aw seed o greyt glas thynng

welley th' shap ov o umbrel, un waytur comin eawt uth top on't, un us aw wor studdyin obeawt it, thynks aw to mesel, it mun be th' greyt dimun us aw'v yerd so mich on, un aw'd loik'd fur to made o foo o mesel we axin o gentelmun iv it wor so, but o wummun just sav't me, we axin im just mete saime questin ofore me. E made onsur un sed, No, my gud wummun, this is th' krystil fountun. Whol hoo wor taukin too im aw seed o chap showin onuther felley weere obeawts th' Ko-e-nure wor, un so aw turnt me reawnd un aw sed, Mistris, the greyt dimun us theree, under that brass kage. Ther's naut loike o chap avin his wits obeawt im, is ther? O poleesmun wor takkin kare uth dimun, un it wor in o kage loike o pol-parrut. Aw dar sa us yo'l thynk us aw'm umbuggin yo, wen aw sa us this greyt dimun koed Ko-e-nure, us ther's bin sich o greyt din obeawt, us no biggur, nur arldy us big, us o bo o coblur's wax ur o kidney pottato, un, fur O that, they sen us its wurth ton mulliuns o peawnds. Waw, fur ony mak o use us it ud be to me, aw wodent potter eawt foive shillin for't. Goin streight deawn fro theree, aw seed o greyt deyle o wat they koen statts, diferunt shaps o thyngs, orsus un felleys, sum on um sittin e cheers, un dogs, un lyons, un O maks o thyngs us ony boddi con thynk obeawt, O us big us bife, un sum biggur, un sum wele they loukt, aw nevr seed naut loike um ofore, nevr. Aw turnt hinto o plaze koed Spane, un seed sich o rook o graud swerds un pistils un sich loike, thynks aw to mesel, e Rachde Yomunre ad o rook loike thame th' enemie ud be welley flay'd

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eawt ov his wits wen they wenten ogen hinto forin parts. Us aw wor turnin eawt ogen whoo shud aw see but Sam o Jack's o Dik's o Mikel's. Ello, Sam, aw sed, whoo'd o thaut o seein thee heere? Waw, E sed, aw shud us sune o thaut o seein ony boddi us thee, Bob. Aw sed, Heaw's thee faythur, owd lad? Waw, E sed, he's poor un harty, un we that we shook honds un partud, fur E wo goin up, un aw wor goin deawn. Next us aw seed wor o lott o th' moyst splendashus cheers un tabulus un cubburts us evur ony mon seed, aw'm shure. Aw wor towd us they koome fro a plaze koed Ostrea. Eh! heaw grand they wer'n; noboddi e Rachde has naut loike um, aw'm shure; aw dunnot thynk ut

th' Quene hersel has, fur, to maw thynkin, no mon livin cud may aut moore grander. Aw shud o bin feyrd o sittin oppo those cheers, aw'm shure, e they'rn mine.

Aw geet hinto sum part o Jarmuny next, un aw seed th' shap uth plaze weere Prins Halburt wor bred un born; it loukt wele, verri. O noice heawse oppo o hil soide, we treese reawnd it, un noane so fur hoff, o greyt rook o foke fiddlin un doancin, un sich loike, osoide uv o aleheawse; aw gues it wor th' shap uth gooins on wen they yerd us th' Prins wor gooin to wed th' Quene o Englund. E cuddent o dun us wele ony weee elze, cud E? It wor o rare day's wark fur im, wern't it? saime toime E disarves o gud woife us wele us ony boddi, fur E olis moinds his oan bisness, un let's uthur fokes's o be, un that's wat mony o won dused. Aw gues E's o farmur be trayde, fur aw seed corn un stof ith Eggshibishun up stares, us wor derektud "fro Prins Halburt farm." O bit fur on aw seed summut us tikkelt me oboon o bit; aw dunnut thynk us ony mon livin cud foind eawt wot it wor, but aw'l tel yo. Ther wor obeawt hauve o duzen stuff cats sittin e cheers avin o tay baggin, reawnd o tabul, un won on um stoode uth bak uth tuther, hawsin fur to wate on. Sum on um wor howdin ther sawsurs e won hond un wor suppin eawt uth cups we'th tuther, just mete saime us qualluty foke dun. Oeronent um aw seed onuthur on o cheer, we it frunt legs eppo o peanno, howdin it yed op, un it meawth oppen loike foke dun wen ther hawsin fur to sing un pla. Osoide o thame aw seed a frog tryin fur te shave onuthur frog us wor in o cheer, un in onuthur nook, bith mon, e ther wer'nt o frog

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stonnin oppo too legs un howdin o umbrel. Eh! heaw quare it did luke. Besoide O theese, aw seed o bantum kok un o fox bwoth stonnin we bukes ofore um, un lukin us fause us fause cud be, un o weezul roitin ogen o desk, un it wo set oer it e roitin, o attorney. Thynks aw to mese!, that's o gud un, fur turneys ur us fause us weezuls un wor to katch, but e they getten howd ov ony boddi they'l seawk O th' blud eawt on um, saime loike us weezuls dun. Aw wondert mony o toime heaw th' chap us stuff um geet it hinto his yed fur to put um e that rode, aw lafft whol aw wor welley feyrd o brastin,

aw wor so tikkelt we um; aw dar sa us sum foke us stoode theree met thynk us aw wor o bit sauft, saime toime aw noed wat aw wor dooin us wele us ony on um. Us aw wor turnin fro theree, o chap us to maw thynkin wor nevir shav't sin E wor born, fur E'd o chin loike o billygote, koome to me un ax'd me summut; but E taukt so quare whol aw cud nothur may end nur soide on him, nobbut us E koed me Monsheere osted o Bob. Aw cud may naut ut O on im, un we stayr't ut won ounther loike too foos. Aw sed, Iv yo plez, aw com fro Rachde, un we dunnut talk e that rode weere aw com fro, un aw connut understond yo. Thynks aw to mesel E appen wants fur to kno weere th' greyt dimun is; so aw

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geet howd ov is arm, un pood im hinto wat aw ko th' turnpike rode uth Eggshibishun, un bok'd we me fingur weere it wor; but E wag'd his yed, un aw seed us aw wor mistaen, fur E spluttert eawt sum mak o gibberish, un laft me. Foke met ha no sens, larnin fur to tauk e that rode. Soune aftur, aw seed o mon we o faze welley us blak us o kole. Eh! E mut ha bin sum brunt sumweere; aw gues E koome fro sumweere ith Indis. Aw wonse yerd o mon say us E'd o unkul us wor o sodiur theree, un it wor so wott e sum plazus, whol they ad fur to goo o ther honds un neese fur to kepe ther baks fro tutchin th' sun. It met be so fur aut us aw kno, but it wor quare iv it wor. Aw kept gooin in un eawt, furst hinto won plaze un then hinto onuther. Eh! wat lotts o thyngs aw did but see; aw nevir seed naut loike it ofore, nevir. Its no mak o use me troyn fur to insens yo hinto O us aw seed, aw's nevir hawse, aw shud be o foo iv aw did. Aw seed O maks o wat they koen shandeleers un lamps, un grand boxus un jewilury, un then aw koome to o greyt rook o carrigus, gradely honsum uns us evur o mon clapt his een on; two on um ud wudden orses in. Eh! heaw natteruble they loukt, un aw'm shure us ony boddi, uth furst seet, mun ha thaut us they'rn wick. Ut last ov O, wen aw wor gettin wele tyert, aw koome O ut wonst hinto o plaze ful o heyten stuff us they koed 'freshment reawm, un th' furst thyng us aw seed wor sum veyle pyes; thynks aw to mesel those ur the jokeys fur me, un aw keawert me deawn omung o greyt rook o foke, un aw sed too o chap us wor waytin on, Ol thank yo fur won o those pyes, iv yo plez, un we that E

braut me won in o minnit, un aw pade im for it furst goo hoff, un sum noice it wor, raythur o smo pese ton fur sixpunze. Us aw wor heytin it, o gentlemun us wor osoide o me sed, I s'pose u com from th' kuntry. Aw sed, Aw com fro Rachde; yo ma ko it kuntry, but we koen it o teawn, un we senden o member to parleyment. Sharmun Crawford gwos for us; dun ye kno Sharmun? aw sed. No Sur, E sed. Dun yo kno Tom Livsey, then, aw sed. I kannut sa that I doo, E sed. Waw, aw sed, aw'l be sunken e yo noane aut; dun yo nevr reed th' news, fur ther's welley olis summut in obeawt Rachde; un as fur me comin fro th' kuntry, yo met tauk e that rede iv aw koome fro Smobridge, ur Mildro, ur fro sich o spot us Owdum. We

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that, E pood in his horns o bit, un sed us E dident meyne ony ofens, un aw sed, Its O reet, e yo'l be quoite, aw wil, un we geet quoite thik. Aw sed too im, Iv aw ma be so bowd, e yo plez, win yo tel me wat that is us yo'ne bin heytin wt o that glas? O, E sed, its an ice, my gud fello. Waw, aw sed, dun they heyte ice e this kuntry, then? O yes, E sed. Wel, aw sed, bith mon, its quare; we usen it fur skatin on weere aw com fro; heawsumevur, aw seed us ther wor summut put in, un thynks aw to mesel, aw'l spekilate fur wonst, fur aw's appen nevr com e these parts ogen; so aw sed tuth chap us wor waytin on, Aw'l thank yo fur o glas ful o that ice, iv yo plez. Wen E braut it, E sed, Sixpunze, iv u plees. Com, aw sed, dunnut be mayin o foo on me; yo dunnot meyne us yo sen. That's the prise, sir, E sed, un E show'd me o ticket us wer oppo th' wole wat sed—Ices sixpunze eech. Thynks

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aw to mesel, it ul do noane fur me te liv heere, saime toime aw gan im his brass, fur aw cud olis get hoff we payin. To be shure, aw nevr tastud naut loike it ofore, it wur kowd un culert, un wor meterly gud, but, bith mon, it wor dun e no taim, un evry meawthful us aw swollud, thynks aw, there gwos onuthur penn'urth. Wen aw'd dun heytin, aw startud fur to goo op stares, fur ut tis presunt toime aw'd nevr bin there. Us aw wor

gooin aw seed sum wull felleys fra Rachde—won wor Mestur Roburt Taylur Yep; E wares spekttekuls; E fot his woife fro Berry. Aw sin hur faythur meny o toime, un o foine owd chap E is, olis we blak clewus on, un leggins, saime loike us o preychur. Aw noed Mestur Yep's faythur toe, E wor o justis, saime mon. Me unkul Dik us ad mony o shillin on im ut toime un toime. To maw thynkin it wor moore splendayshuser op stares nor deawn. Aw seed orgins, un peeanus, un trumpits, un kordians ov O maks un sizus, un fidduls un O. They'rn sum uth grandist karpits us evur aw clapt me een on; aw wondur heaw foke cud foinde e ther harts fur to set ther shune on um; aw seed won fro Mestur Bright's, eh! it wor o bonny un, un won ut o hundurth un fifte ladis ud made fur te be gan tuth Quene. Dunnut yo thynk us moore gud wod o bin dun, e thoesse ladis ud dun sum wark fur o poor chap loike me? Aw shuddent loike, we me sayin so, fur ony boddi fur te get it hinto ther yeds us aw'm noane fur th' Quene un Prins Halburt, fur iv aw seed ony boddi tutch oathur on um, aw cud ardlly howd me honds hoff um, iv it wor me oan faythur. Wat dun they want we foke givin um stuf? Waw, th' Quene un hur husbun mun av o greyt deyle moore brass nur they noane heaw te get shut on, fur O us they gwon e seet seein so mich. Aw kno us hoo shuddent be fund faut we e foke win send stuf to hur. Waw, o whoile sin o owd wummun e Yorkshur sent th' Quene o kitlin, un wen hoo yerd us it wor fro o poor owd cratur us ad naut mich, th' Quene sent hur o foive peawnd note. Aw'd send hur e waggin lod o grewn op cats ut that proice, un gie tuthre kitlins in uth bargin. But us aw wor sayin, aw wor sum gloppent we wat aw seed ith Eggshibishun op stares. Ther wor e lot o stuft craturs o diferunt maks, brids, un sich loike, un aw'l be sunken e ther wern't o greyt pig presarv't whole, just mete saime us iv it wor

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gradely wik. Just wen aw wor turnin o korner, aw'd loike to bin freetent, fur aw koome oppo th' suddin oeronent o felley, eh! wat o chap e wor, eh! wat o yed E ad! un wat ure E ad oppo his faze—eh! wat o felley, un sich quare clewus—eh! wat o chap fur shure. Aw wundur't mony o toime weere E koome fro, aw cud noather may end nur soide on im, saime taim aw rekkon E mut com fro sumweere. Wen aw'd dun stayrin ut this

rumgumshus chap, aw turn't me reawnd fur to luke ut sum payntud windus, us bonny thyngs us evur aw clapt me een on; eh! they wor sum grand. Won wor th' shap ay o ladi lukin eawt ov o windo, us natterable, whol aw cud welley o spokken too hur. O bit fur on aw seed Mestur Mowlswurth us livs un preychus e Spotlun. Th' Viker's his faythur; him wats

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ad so mich lau ogate, but E's raythur quoitur just neaw, toime for im. Wat o row we wonst ad we im obeawt church rates, but E wor gradely beytten. Ofore aw'd o made sich o doo, aw'd e wesh'd me oan geawn un clen't th' church op mesel it neet toime, wen aw'd dun me tuthur wark. But aw bin towd us th' Viker o Rachde has oboon thre theawsun peawnd o yer comin in, un us E durent preych us mich, nur have us mich, us mony o won us nobbut has o hundurth un fife o yer. Waw, mony o won ud preych evury day ith weke, Seturda un O, fur have o that brass, oather ther oan sarmuns ur th' best us they cud leet on. Iv aw wor o churchmun e Rachde, we O that brass cornin in, aw cudent for shame o me faze ax ony boddi fur o haupenny, nobbut we o kollekshun, saime Ioike us Methodis un othur foke dun. Luke ut th' Ranturs, wat o noice chappil they han, o lot o poore foke us kepes oathur too ur thre preychers, aw dunnut eggsaktly kno wich—did they evur ax ony boddi fur o church rate?—naut ut soart. Heawsumevur aw'm fane us th' church foke ur hawsin fur to mend. Mestur Samul Brelley, they sen, us dun it. E's bin gooin obeawt his oan sel, axin fur o church rate, un tellin foke us they met oathur pay ur let it o be, just to ther oan likin. Aw connut see us ony boddi con foind mich faut we that, con yo? Samul us Mestur Abram's bruthur, him wat's made so mich brass we cottun spinnin un weyvin. Eh! wat brass E mun ha made? But O traydes un bin gud e ther toime, hannut they? We'n o chap e Rachde wats made his fortin we sellin haupurths o toffe, un neaw un then o penn'urth too o wholsale customer. Aw cud tell hoo it wor, but us E's toffee'd hissel hinto o hindependunt gentulmun, aw gues E woddent loike me fur to put his name deawn e maw buke, saime toime, aw cud 'mortulize im, iv E'd nobbut let me, un, bith mon, aw wil doo e me nesht edishun, iv E'l send me wort Eh! heaw aw'm gettin hoff me Krystil Palusin, but aw'v sich o yed, fur iv

aut stroikes me, us aw dunnut put deawn just theere un then, aw'm us shure o loysin it, us iv it wor vikerage lond. Let's see, wheere ad aw getten too? O, aw'd just sin Mestur Mowlsurth fro Spotlun. E wed sumboddi fro Manchesstur, aw thynk; to be shure E did; E wonst wor o preychur there. Ut tis presunt toime aw wor gettin so ili tyert we seein so mony splendashus thyngs,

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whol aw nobbut stopt fur to av won moore luke, un aw'l tel yo wat it wor at. Yo'ne yerd tel uth Lillypushuns, aw dar sa, un obeawt o mon us travelt omung um. It wor th' loikenes o thame. O mon wor lade deawn oslepe, un o greyte lot on um obeawt th' mickel o me littul fingur wor gettin onto bis balley we littul laddurs, un wor tryin fur to fasten im deawn we bant, un fur O us lots on um wor waukin oer im un mayin ther wark, E nevr seem'd fur to fele um, no moore nur e they'd bm us mony eddicrops. Iv E'd bin o livvin mon, aw'd o stay'd O neet ofore aw'd o mist seein im wakken—eh! wat cuttin they'd o bin. Waw! E met o crom'd hauve on um hinto his breechus pokits. Thynks aw to mesel, its o quare csarn, fur shure.

Sekund Chaptur gies oer heere.

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CHAPTUR THURD.

Stoppin ut th' Krystil Palus til givin oer toime.—Loike fur to bin dun we onuthur cab chap.—O do we th' homnibus felley ogen—Seed Jonny Barun fro Rachde.—Trafalgur Square. Onuthur pikpokil.—Nelson Moniment—Nashnul Galury, un obeawt Bowtun Trotturs, un th' Brytish Mooseum.

IT war neaw welley gettin givin oer toime, un us aw wor detarmint fur to av us mich us evur aw cud fur me shillin, un bein ill tyert, aw unbethaut me us aw'd keawer me deawn, un luke eawt uth loft ut th' greyt rook o foke us ther wor e th' botham. Eh! wat lots o foke aw did see to be shure; t'one haufe on um, to maw thynkin, wor fro forin parts. Aw dunnut meyne thoose forin parts us Rachde Yomunre gwon too, Owdum un

there, but aw meyne gradely forin parts, eawt o this kuntry otogethur. Aw noed um in o minnit we avin so mich ure oppo ther fazes, beyrds ov O mickels un shaps, sum on um welley a shaime to be sin, moore loike wild cratur s nur aut elze.

Us aw wor studdyin obeawt foke mayin sich foos o thersels, O uth suddin aw yerd sich a ringin a bells us aw nevr yerd ofore. Eh! wat o din ther wor to be shure, un aw seed th' foke O gooin eawt, un thynks aw to mesel, ther mun be summut fur to doo, o foire ur summut. Aw geet op us sharp us leetenin, un wor deawn th' stares e no toime. Aw koed eawt too o poleesmun, Watevur is ther te doo? O, E sed, take yor toime, my gud man, ther only givin notis for the peepul to go, we klose at six o'klok. O, aw sed, is that O? Eh! wat o swat aw wor in; heawsumevur aw tuke me toime then, un went eawt we th' creawd, un th' bells made sich o din whol aw wor welley gaumles.

Wen aw geet to th' dur, o chap koome to me un sed, Want o cab, Sur? Aw sed, Doo aw be hang'd us loike, dus to thynk us aw'm made o brass, thee moind thee oan bisness, un aw'l luke after mesel. O bonny chap aw shud o luke't roidin in o carrige, shuddent aw, o poore felley loike me? Iv ony boddi ud sin me us aw noed, aw shuddent o noane weere te put me yed. Wen aw'd getten

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farely hinto th' strete, eh! wat carrigus un foke aw did see; it wor wurr be th' haue nur wen aw wor gooin, aw wondert mony o toime us noboddi wor kilt. But stop, aw'd loike to furgetten fur to tel yo us aw went ogen te th' Krystil Palus, un wat aw seed un yerd then, aw'l tel yo o bit fur on e maw buke, un e yo'l nobbut ha toime un payshuns yo'l com too it, ol warrunt yo. Wel, us aw wor sayin, aw geet fro omung th' carrigus us wor ut th' Palus dur us sune us evur aw cud, un went deawn th' rede op ogen te Pikkeydilly, un, bith mon, aw welley thynk it geet thrunger nur evur, aw nevr seed naut loike it ofore, un nevr mun doo ogen, to maw thynkin. Us aw wor gooin on, o homnibus koome op, un whoo shud aw see uth bak on't but th' saime powsement us axed me fur to roide us aw wor gooin ith mornin, un wen E seed me, E pood his faze un koed eawt, Benk, Benk, Chingcros. Aw wor sum mad at im wen E axed me fur te get in ogen, un

aw raythur forgeet mesel, un koed eawt, Go luke, theaw rapskallion, un, bith mon, aw thaut E wor beawn te lethur me, un aw hud mesel omung th' foke us sharp us evur aw cud, un geet eawt ov is rode. Us aw wor gooin on studyin wat o greyt creawd o foke ther wor, whoo shud aw see ut th' tuther soide uth rode, but Jonny Barun, shumakur, fro Rachde, nockin oway loike o gud un. Aw koed eawt us leawd us aw cud, but aw met us wele o bin sheawtin too o

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moile stoane, ther wor sich o din, un aw dursent cros oer too im fur th' loife on me, feyrd o bein run oer, ur elze aw shud o dun, fur aw'd o spokken too o dog iv aw'd sin won fro Rachde. Aw wor raythur pottert obeawt it, saime toime wat cud aw do? Aw noed Jonny's faythur, un his unkul Jefury us wor o drawin mestur. E's deyd neaw, un iv aw'm noane mistaen, e laft Jonny sum brass us wod be raythur yesier getten nur we wax ends. Aw noed his unkul Sam too; E wer o teetotuler, un went toe Omerika we sum brass us Jefury laft im. Aw bin towd us E's deyd neaw. We mun O dee sum toime, suner or laytur. Aw furgetten whoo Jonny wed, saime toime aw kno us E is wed, bekose aw sin his childer, un aw gues E dident win thame in o rafful.

Aftur o deyle o thrutchin un squeezein, aw koome ut last too o plaze koed Trafalgur Square, o plaze we fore soides un o middul, aw gues that's wat they koen it o square for. Oppo won soide ther's o greyte fyne plaze koed Morlis Otel, wheere qualuty foke stopen at, o grand heawse, veri; it mun kost thame sum brass us gwos theree. Oppo o nuthur soide aw seed o greyt bildin koed th' Nashnul Galury, us has o deyle o pikters in, us aw'l tel yo obeawt sum toime elze. Oeronent botham uth square, ther's o greyt plaze koed Northumberlun Heawse; yo ma tel it be lukin fur o greyt lyon us stons uth top on't, we o kast irn tale stonnin op us stif us o poker. E too plazes aw seed watur fizzin op, un they koen um fountuns, iv aw'm reet, un sum wele they luk't to maw thynkin, fur O us o mon towd me us Mestur Punsh wor olis taen um hoff. Whol aw wor stonnin theree studdyin obeawt um, o chap koome op to me un startud o taukin. E sed, I presoom, Sur, u're com to see the Eggshibishun? Thynks aw te mesel, o pikpokit, bith mon, un aw'd me honds e bwoth o me breechus pokits e no toime, un aw sed toe im,

Wat bisness han yo to presooome aut obeawt me, it's naut to yo wheere aw com fro, is it? We that E sed, I aint meenin no ofense, old feller; I zay, me cove, dus yer mothur kno yen out? Aw sed, hoo noes us aw'm noane in, theaw sausey powsedunt theaw, un us aw wor turnin fro im, aw thaut aw'd put im won in, un aw koed eawt, Dus thaw mothur kno us theaw gets thee livvin we feelin wat uther foke han e ther pokits? Eh! E wor us mad us o wasp,

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but didn't aw sarve im reet? Ther noane O foos us coms fro Rachde.

Aw hadent laft that chap mony minnits ofore aw seed Mestur Twedil un his woife. E sels meyle un fleawr, un as o mill fur to grind it wee, saime chap. E wed Mestur Yep's dauter, th' justis us aw towd yo obeawt ofore; aw noed hur ofore hoo wor wed, saime ladi. Wen Mestur Twedil wor th' Mare o Rachde, fur E wor koed so then, fur O us we nevir haden o gradely mare, E went o gettin his dinnur we Prins Halburt, we o lot o moore mares fro uther plazus. Aw wondert iv E'd ko o seein th' Prins ogen, E met o bin wen aw seed im, fur E'd his hallida clewus on, wele drest, veri. But aw'd welley furgetten fur to tel yo obeawt o greyt stone pillur us ther is e Trafalgur Square, koed Nelsun Moniment, we th' shap o Nelsun stonnin uth top on't, us quoite us o meawse. Aw'm towd us it kost oboon twentieight theawsun peawnd, o deyle o brass, veri, but English foke con welley doo aut, connut they? Aw went fro this plaze streyte to me lodgins e Gumshun-strete, un sum tyert aw wor, nevir worr e maw loive. Wen aw'd ad me suppur, aw towd Mestur Simon

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Pike wat aw'd sin, un O us aw cud rekillekt, un sum plest E wor; un wen aw towd im heaw aw'd bm taen in we th' homnibus chap, un heaw aw'd loike fur to ad me pokit pikt, un heaw aw sarvt im eawt, E lafft whol E wor welley fit to brast. Wen aw went to bed aw wor oslepe e no toime, un nevir wakkent till aw geet op, un, to maw thynkin,

aw wor more tyertur ith mornin nur aw wor th' neet ofore, us stark us o krokodile welley.

Wen aw'd ad me breykfust, hoff aw startud o seet sein, fur aw'd no toime fur to loyse, un aw went o sein sum pikters e wat they koen th' Nashnul Galury, e Trafalgur Square, weere aw seed that pikpokit. Un neaw aw'l gie thoose o maw reedurs us hannut bin there o cawshus, fur aw'd o greyt misfortin we gooin in uth rang dur, fur aw'd o shillin to pay, un o shillin's o shillin too o poore chap. Heawsumevur aw pade me brass un geet in, un fund us aw'd getten hinto wat they koen th' Akademy ov Harts. Aw went furst hinto won reawm un then hinto onuthur, un evury reawm wo us ful o pikters us evur it cud be, un lots o foke lukin at um. Aw seed o felley fro Bowtun there, but aw connut rekillekt wat E wor koed just neaw. They koen um Bowtun Trotters us coms fro there. Dun yo kno wat trottin meyns? It meyns umbuggin, un bullokin, un sich loike wark. Bowtun's o greyt plaze, verri. They'n too memburs o parleyment; won's o Tori, un tuther's o Raddikil, won gwas fur to undoo wat tuther dus, that's quare trottin, isent it? Un neaw aw'l tel yo heaw they trodden foke. Aw seed won o theese trotters in o ralerode carrige, un E wor sittin osoide ov o chap us ad o veri red nose, us red whol it ud welley fiz iv E wesh'd his faze we coud waytur, aw gues it wor sumboddi us loikt o saup o drink; un so this Bowtun chap us wor o teetotuler, turnt to im un sed, Mestur, heaw mich dun yo thynk us it kost fur to paynt yore nose? Waw, th' owd chap sed, aw konnut eggsaktly tel, fur its noane quite finisht yet. Aw gues th' owd lad wor fur avin o saup moore, but E stopt that chap fur trottin, fur E wor us solid us box, wen E gan im his onsur. But iv aw dunnut moind mesel that Bowtun chap ul be trottin th' pikters eawt o me yed; but aw'l tel yo wat aw seed. Ther wor pikters o Lord Browum un Sur Robart Pele, un sum duks in o poand o waytur. O loikenes o Mestur Jon Potter, Hesquire, Mare o Manchesstur,

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ofore th' Quene made im Sur Jon; aw gues E'l av onuthur loikenes taen neaw, us E's o diferunt mak ov o chap sin E geet o hondie too is naime. Aw seed o pikter o Jonny

Gilpin, un th' shap ov o dog's yed, bwoth wele dun, veri. Theyr'n loikenesus ov o deyle moore foke besaide, un th' shap o sum childer o Mestur Samul Mortun Peto, Hesquire, un sum pratty they luk't. Aw sin ther faythur e Rachde wonst, ut o Mishunary Meetin ith Baptist Chappil. E wor ith cheer, E'd whoite breechus on, un o ruffelt shurt, saime chap. E wed Mestur Kelsul's dauter, un o moore daysunter feiley ther isent ony weere, to maw thynkin; aw seed im goo to be wed mesel. Aw'd loike to furgetten won pikter us aw luk't at o greyt deyle. It wor th' Quene un Prins Halburt meetin Luis Fillip un his woife, ut Richmun, un those us koome we um, taime us they haden fur tu cut eawt o Frans, im we borrod clewus on, un koin hissel Mestur Smith. Th' owd mon shapt it ill fur to get turnt hoff. Iv aw wor o king aw'd oather kepe me shop ur elze aw'd see. Aw'd olis be fur th' poore foke, un let those us ad plenty o brass fend fur thersels. E wor o lucky chap us E haddent his yed chopt hoff, saime loike us onuthur king wonst ad there, aw thynk E wor koed Luis too. Ther wor wonst o king e this kuntry us ad his yed chopt hoff; E wor koed Charles, iv aw'm noane mistaen. E theese kings ud nobbut don us they'd loike fur to be dun too, foke ud want noane o ther yeds, noan thame. Onuthur pikter us aw wor raythur tikkelt we, wor o rook o lads keawert reawnd o tabul us ad o greyte pese o beefe un o rook o moone stuf on. They'rn sittin we ther nives un forks e ther onds reddy fur startin o heytin, an ther een fare glistent ogen, un th' pikter wor koed, "Ther's o gud toime comin lads." Eh! they did luke us iv they wantud fur tu be at it. Onuthur pikter us wor there wor dun we o chap us mony o won e Rachde knone veri wele. It wor paintud we Mestur Rodgur Fentun, o son o Mestur Jan Fentun's, e Baymfurth, him us wor o membrur o parleyment fur Rachde, ofore we 'lektud Sharmun. E dident loike parleymentin, un so E gan oer, un neaw aw'm towd us his toime's taen op we choppin treese deawn, un delvin, un sich loike wark, in his oan lond, we clogs on sumtoimes, saime loike us ony poore chap. Katch me we clogs on, ur delvin oathur, iv aw'd us mich brass us im, saime

toime E's o reet to do us he loikes, fur aut us aw kno. Rodgur wantud fur te get hinto parleyment, un koome deawn fur to see e Rachde foke ud let im goo, o lung toime sin, ofore Sharmun had gien op. But it wodent doo, Mestur Rodgur, un nevir wil doo to maw thynkin, we mun av o gradely Raddikil us understonds thyngs, no drawin mesturs, iv yo plez Aw stopt omung these pikters whel aw wor welley gaumles, un so aw koome eawt un laft um. Aw'd gan o shillin fur to goo in, un onuthur shillin fur o buke us towd O obeawt thyngs us ther wor fur to luke at; aw'd tryed fur to doo beawt buke, but aw cudent, un us aw wor gooin eawt aw towd th' felley us wor ut th' dur us aw'd let im av it bak fur sixpunze, just have proise, un it wer'nt o hauptorth wor, but, bith mon, E woddent gie tuppunze for't, fur O us aw hadent ad it oboon too heawers, un it wor us whoite us o clen wesh'd shurt. Aw nevir seed sich o kuntry fur gettin shut o brass e maw loife.

Fro there aw went deawn Saint Martin's lone, hinto Broide-strete, aw thynk they koed it, un fro there to th' Brytish Mooseum. Eh! wat o plaze that is. Ther's o rook o pillurs ofere th' dur, O in o ro, us thik, to maw thynkin, us o styem pon. Eh! wat o soize, to be shure. Us aw wor gooin, o chap kept botherin me fur te buy o buke on im us towd wat ther wor in, un aw cudent get shut on im; but ut last uv O aw sed, E theaw dusn't let me o be wee thee bukes, aw'l ko o poleese to thee; un, bith mon, iv E dident sa us E'd fot won hissel iv aw loikt, sausey powse us E wor. Aw sed, Iv aw mun buy bukes obeawt evuri plaze us aw goo too, aw shol av o waggin lod ofore aw get whome ogen; un we that aw laft im tryin fur to sel won te onuther chap. Yo con ardly goo fur to see a pigcote e Lundun but sum nowmun wants fur to sel yo o buke fur to tel wat mak o pigs ther is in. Aw'm hoff we sich loike wark. But neaw fur th' Mooseum. Aw went streight op th' steps un koome hinto th' lobbi. Eh! wat o soize it wor, welley big enuf fur to howd o publik meetin in. Aw wor towd us it wor sixte-too foote lung, fifte-won foote woide, un thurte foote fro th' top tuth botham. Whoo'd o thaut it? Best ov O wor, us aw geet in fur naut, fur nevir noboddi ax'd me fur o haupenny. Aw kept gooin furst hinto won reawm un then hinto onuther, un evuri thyng as aw seed wer us clen us o

hallida shurt, aw cud o hetten me dinnur hoff th' floore welley. Aw seed o deyle o quare thyngs fro Agypt; sum on um, aw dar sa, wor there wen Mosus un Arun went o fottin th' childer o Isrel eawt. E wor o bad un wor Faro, wer'nt E, fur to want th' childer o Isrel fur to may breeke, beawt avin gradely stuf fur to may um we, nowmun us E wor? O mon cuddent ma porrich beawt meyle, cud E? Un heaw cud they ma breeke us E wantud um, foo us E wor? Eh! but E katcht it wen E geet hinto th' Red Sa. E shud o dun us E'd loike fur to be dun too; E geet warnin enuf, dident E, wen O those playgs wor sent? Aw seed o lott o mummis fro th' saime plaze. Eh! wat quare thyngs they wer'n; aw nevr seed naut loike um ofore, nevr, naw, nevr. It's no mak o use me hawsin fur to tel wat they'rn loike; yo'l be loike fur to goo un see fur yorsels. Aw seed wat they koed o wing'd Bul, braut fro Ninneyva, there weere Jona wonst wor runnin oway fro, toime us E wor thrut hinto th' Sa, un wor swollud

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we o greyt wale. Jona mut o felt veri quare wen E wor e that fishus balley thre days un thre neets, un naut fur to heyte O that toime—plenty to sup, aw dar Sa; but iv E'd nobbut dun us E wor towd be his Maker, E'd o nevr getten hinto sich o quare plaze us that. But O's wele us ends wele. Iv o mon dus us E shudent do, E's us shure to katch it, sum rode, us sartin us aw'm beawn fur to sel o greyt lott o maw bukes. Those Buls us aw wor tellin yo obeawt, wor made o stoane, un luke't quare, veri; sich Buls us aw nevr seed naut loike ofore. Aw nevr yerd o Buls flyin ony wheere, did yo? Heawsumevur, aw gues it wor o noshun us Ninneyva foke geet hinto ther yeds; saime toime, it wor o quare un, wern't it? Aw seed o deyle moore marbul stoanes fro th' saime spot, we O maks o quare figgers on; un aw'm towd us ther's mon e Lundun wat's larnin those figgers, us they koen ieroglifiks, un they sen wen E's dun, us E'l av o greyt deyle o hinformashun bakkin Skriptur, un it's comin to that neaw, us o mon winnut be thaut reet in his yed us ses aut ogen th' Skriptur—heaw con E be? Aw'v yerd Soshulists mony o toime tryin fur to poo th' Skriptur e peses, un wat's becomn on um neaw? Waw,

they'n pood won onuther e peesus, un ther welley clen gwon eawt neaw, us sich loike mak o foke olis han dun. Aw wodent tryst o mon o haupenny candul us sea aut ogen th' Bibul, for E's us shure to kom to naut us eggs ur eggs. Eh! heaw aw'm gettin fro me Buls un thyns us aw wor tellin oer. Wel, us aw won gooin hinto won uth reawms, whoo shud aw see but Sam o Jack's fro Owdum. E wor us gloppent ut seein me us aw wor ut seein im. Sam's o reglur rufyed, fur they koen Owdum foke rufyeds oppo sum keawnt, aw dunnut eggsactly kno wat for, but ony boddi e Rachde knone us it is so. Aw shuddent loike fur to sa naut ogen Owdum foke, saime toime aw connut get it eawt o me yed us ther welley o moile behinnd foke ony wheere elze; heawsumevur, they'r gradely gud Raddikils e they dun ware greyt fustiun swingurs un thik clogs. Owd Biily Cobbit wons wor ith Parleyment fur Owdum; th' owd lad's deyd neaw. Aw went th' next hinto o reawm ful o bukes, un then hinto onuther salme loike. Eh! wat bukes aw did see, mony o moile on um, aw'm shure; un aw seed sum chaps reedin, un aw met o dun, iv aw'd ad o moind, un O fur naut. Aw went op th' stares un seed stuft elefunts, un munkis, un O

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maks o thyns us ony man cud thynk on. Eh! wat lots o quare katurus un thyns aw did but see, un aw rambult obeawt whol aw wor welley knokt op, un so aw koome eawt, un o cheppur bit o seet seein aw nevir ad e maw loife, un aw met o stopt O day, un nevir bm ax'd fur o haupenny.

Aw wor so taen op we wat aw seed ith Mooseum whol aw'd furgetten me dinnur toime, un aw cud welley us sune furget aut us that; but wen aw geet eawt, un koome to mesel, aw felt us flat us o ponkake, un us hemty us o pare o ballis. Aw wantud summut so ill, whol aw went op to o poleese un aw sed, Iv yo plez, con yo tel me wheere aw con get summut fur to heyte? O yes, E sed, plenti fur payin for. Waw, aw sed, Rachde foke ur noane sich foos us to get it hinto ther yeds us they con kom heere un heyte for naut. E show'd me too o verri noice plaze, un aw geet us mich meyte un pottytus us aw cud heyte fur ninepunze, un aw gan it sum bant, aw'l warrunt yo. Eh! aw wor gradely made oer ogen we me dinnur.

Wat o greyt deyle o thyngs ther is to be sin e Lundun, fur shure; to maw thynkin, o mon met stop o twelmun un be seet seein evuri day, un nevur see O us ther is fur to see, aftnr O. Saime toime, aw wodent liv theer olis, fur ther's sich o din we foke un thyngs, o won mak or onother, whol it ud welley crak maw yed. Aw wor e mony o strete weere ther wor sich o din whol aw cud ardly yer mesel wissul ony uth rode, fro won end tuth tuther. Un then aw seed lots o foke mayin their din, us ad stuf fur to sel, koin eawt O maks o quare noysus, us aw troy'd ogen un ogen fur to may eawt, but it wor o no use; so aw gan oer hausin. Fur O us Lundun's sich o greyt plaze, o mon's woife con get welley aut us hoo wants, beawt gooin fro hur oan dur stoane, obut nu milk, un hoo con ardiy get that ut ony proise. Aw seed mony o waggin lod o roobarb, us big us beesom steyls, un biggur, un kabbigus, eh! wat big uns, fur shure, foote bo's nr naut to um. But iv aw start o roitin obeawt kabbigus, un turmits, un collyfleawers, un differunt maks o green stuf us aw seed, aw's be mayin o buke welley us big us o Bibul, un so aw'l drop it. Eh! wat greyt karts un orsus they hadden, fur shure; they beytten us e Rachde O te peesus; but wat aw seed next aw'l tel yo in onother chaptur, bekose

Thurd Chaptur stops heere.

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CHAPTUR FOURT.

Obeawt gooin tuth Parleyment Heawse, un gettin in we axin Mestur Cobdin.— Wat quare chaps un thyngs aw seed wen aw geet in.—The Gentelmun Usher o th' Blak Rod waukin bak uth rode en; wat o foo!— Thre Memburs fast oslepe.— Ordert eawt o me shet twice oer, fretent first toime.— Onuthur doo we sum cab chaps.

Aw'd olis ad o greyte noshun fur to get hinto th' Parleyment Heawse just fur to watch ther gooins on o bit, un us aw'd yerd mony o won say us o mon met goo welley ony where e Lundun iv E'd nobbut be bowd enuf, aw ax'd o poleese fur to show me th' rode, un then aw spirr'd ov onother, un ofore lung aw koome fare to th' dur uth th' Heawse o Kommons. Aw stode o lung whoile there watchin lots o foke ov O maks goo in, un aw cud ardly tel wat to doo we mesel, fur aw wor feyrd us aw met get taen op

iv aw shud leet fur to goo wheere aw shuddent do. Heawsumevur, ut last ov O, aw plukt op, un went streyte op sum stares, tu aw koome too o dur us th' Memburs went in at, un o chap wor sittin there, fur to see us noboddi went in but those us shud do. Aw yerd sum on um taukin wen th' dur hoppent, un aw did so want fur to get wheere aw cud bwoth see un yer um, fur aw noed us aw met nevir av onuther chans. Thynks aw to mesel, aw kno Mestur Brite, un E noes me, un iv E coms eawt, aw'l ax im, bith mon. Just ut Lis presunt toime, whoo shud com eawt but Mestur Cobdin. Aw noed im in o minnit. E wor gooin eawt, un aw wor so feyrd o missin im, whol aw koed eawt, Mestur Cobdin, iv yo plez; un E turnt reawnd in o crak. Aw dofft me hat us sharp us leetenin, un made o bow to im, un aw sed, Aw'm komn fro Rachde, iv yo plez, un aw'l be obleeght to yo iv yo con tel me e Mestur Jon Brite's ith' Parleyment Heawse? E sed, No, my gud man, E's not in just now. Aw sed, Aw'm sury fur that, fur aw wanted fur to get in fur to yer um tauk; met aw be so bowd us to ax yo, if yo plez, fur to get me in, aw wor olis ogen th' Corn Laus. We that E taukt to me we us mich gud natur us iv E'd bin me oan faythur, un towd me fur to

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ston wheere aw wor un E'd com to me ogen. E sune koome ogen un gan me o tiket, un went we me op sum stares, un show'd me wheere to goo, un we that aw geet hinto sum shets wheere aw cud see O us worr gooin on. Aw towd Mestur Cobdin us aw wor veri mich obleeght to im, un aw wor too, un aw shol olis thynk wele on him us lung us aw liv. Un neaw fur wat aw seed ith Parleyment Heawse.

Th' Speykur wor th' furst mon us aw seed, fur maw shet wor fare oeront im, E'd o greyt wig on, un wor keawert in o greyt cheer. Eh! heaw fause E did luke, un evuri neaw un then E kept koin eawt, Ordur, gentulmen, ordur at the bar, un sum ov o noyse ther wor, aw cud ardly yer im us wor speykin, aw cuddent fur shure. Thynks aw to mesel, its quare us Memburs o Parleyment shud need koin eawt too e that rode, saime loike us lads in o skoo dun, but aw cud beleeve me oan een, un it wor so, bith mon. O on um wor keawert deawn e ther shets we ther hats on, but they olis uncuvert ther yeds wen they geet op fur to speyke. Aw seed Lord Jon Russil. Eh! wat o littul chap E is, un

wat o thin faze E has, E met be short o meyte, ur ha to mich wark, ur summut. E wor sittin we his legs crosst, un we his hat hauve uth rode o'er his faze, un luk't us ill us o haupurth o swop aftur o ard day's weshin. Aw nevr seed th' loike, fur ardly ony on

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um seem'd fur to tay ony notis uv im us wor speykin, un ther wor sich o din, whol aw gan oer hausin fur to yer wat E sed, us wor speykin. Aw gues they noed us they cud see it ith news.

Ut tis presunt toime aw seed Jon Brite com in; aw noed im in o minnit un aw'd ard wark fur to kepe mesel fro sheawtin eawt, un axin im heaw E wor, fur aw wor sartin shure us E'd o spokken to me iv E'd o sin me eawt uth dur. E went furst to won nembur, un then too onuther, taukin too um, un aw cud see us E kared fur noane on um, bith mon. Jon's th' chap fur dressin th' nots hoff um, isent E? Eh! heaw E has pitch't it hinto um ut toime un toime, E has gan um sum bant, hasent E?

Ther's o galury o bwoth soides uth heawse, us th' Memburs con goo op hinto, un us aw wor lukin at it, wat dun yo thynk us aw seed? Bith mon, yo cuddent foind it eawt fur th' loife on yo. Eh! wat o seet! Aw'l be buttert e ther wern't thre memburs o Parleyment O oslepe oppo th' forms, won osoide ov onuther. Rachde foke wodent ston that mak o wark, un aw dunnut thynk us ony boddi evur seed Sharmun e that rode, fur O us E's o deyle owder felley nur those thre chaps wor.

Whol aw wor lukin ut those sleepin chaps, O uth suddin, th' foke us wor sittin reawnd obeawt where aw wor, startud o runnin eawt, un thynks aw to mesel, bith mon, ther's summut fur to doo, o foire, ur elze th' galury's foin, ur summut, so aw nipt op me hat un cut hoff e sich o splutter, whol aw'd welley loikt fur to fone oer sum

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chaps we cuttin so fast deawn sum stares us we ad fur to goo deawn, aw wor so freetent. Won chap doubelt his neyve ut me fur thrutchin so, but wat cud aw doo? it wor evuri mon fur hissel, un aw dident want fur to be oathur brunt to dyeth ur kilt so fur fro

whome. O ut wonst we koome too o ston, oppo o londin plaze, un aw sed, Watevur iz ther to doo? un o gentulmun sed, The heawse is dividin, sur. Bith mon, aw sed, connut us get fur hoff, we's O be kilt, fur ith heawse us splittin, it met fo this rode on, connut we get eawt o this ole? O, E sed, u misunderstand me, sur, the Memburs r dividin, goin to vote. O, aw sed, is that O? Eh! wat o lodd wor taen hoff me just then, un aw koome to me gradely sel in o minnit, saime toime aw swat us ill us iv aw'd ad o poleese runnin aftur me. Waw, aw sed to that gentulmun, heaw leets yo fur to O on yo com runnin eawt e this rode, freetenin foke us dunnut understand thyngs? O, E sed, the peepul ur alwis order'd out wen the Memburs vote. Waw, aw sed, its gaumles soart o wark, to maw thynkin, fur aw con see it ith news to-morn heaw evuri mon jak on um's voatud, obut thoose thre chaps us wor oslepe. Just ut that toime o dur oppent, un we O wenten op stares ogen, un th' Memburs wor O e ther shets ogen, un thoose

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thre chaps us wor aslepe wor wakkent, un hoff sumwere. Whol aw wor lukin ut th' Speykur, o gentulmun koome op too im, us wor donn'd e blak clewus un silk stokins on, un bukles uy is shune. E gan summut to th' Speykur, un us E wor goin fro im, E went bak uth rode on, un made sich o bow too im, whol his nose welley tutch'd th' floor, aw'm shure, un then E went bak uth rode on o bit fur, un dubelt hissel op ogen th' saime rode us E did ofore, un then E went eawt uth seet, un aw cudent see no mre o his marluks. Aw sed too o gentulmun us wor sittin osoide o me, Iv yo plez, wat dus O that meyne, un who's that felley us may's sich o foo ov hissel? Is E reet in his yed, dun yo thynk? O, E sed, E's th' Gentulmun Usher o the Blak Rod. Un o bonny tyke E is, aw sed, dus E olis goo on e that rode? Why, genuraly, E sed, wen E's any bisness with Mestur Speykur. Wel, aw sed, e Rachde foke seed im, they'd thynk us E'd o skrew lose sumwere, aw'm shure, un, bith mon, aw shud nevir com to sich o skoo us this fur to larn mannurs. Heawsumevur, aw gues E ushers plenti o brass hinto his pokit, un sum foke win may ony mak o foos o thersels, e they con nobbut get pade for't.

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Aw seed Fergus o Konner, E stons fur Nottingham. Aw shud thnk us Nottingham foke un ad ther bally ful o that chap ofore neaw. Aw ko im o greyt gausterin nowmun. Eh! heaw he has didelt foke we his lond skeyme. Whoo'd o thaut us Tom Livsey wod o put in fur som o Fergus lond, aw thaut Tom ud ad moore whoite in his een nur that koms too, fur aw'm towd us E's o sharehowder. O bonny faythur Fergus us bin too his deer childer, us E us't fur Lo ko um, saime toime E noed us E wor umbuggin um. Foke shud a taen warnin; dident Manchesstr Eggsaminhur say us mich ogen it us evur o mon cud sa, wen E seed us poore foke wor beawn ftw to be dun? Iv aw hadent ad sens fur to tay kare o me oan brass, aw shud nevir o getten fur to see th' Greyt Eggshibishun. Foke shud o taen warnin, they shud for shure. Aw towd mony o won on um, mesel, heaw it ud be, un sum on um wor welley reddy fur to feight me, un uther sum koed me o foo us wor stonnin e me oan leet. Aw wonder whoo's th' fao neaw? Snigs End fur evur, lads! Let those laff us wins.

But aw'm furgettin where aw wor ith Heawse o Kommons. O! besaide Fergus aw seed Mestur Ja Hume; theer's o chap for yo, E's wurth o kart lodd o sich nooduls us Fergus. Aw ko im o gradely owd gud un. E's olis bin ogen um mayin oway we so mich brass, un iv it haddent bm fur im, un tuthre monre sich loike, for aut us aw kno, th' kuntry ud o hin ruint lung sin. E begins fur to luke rayther awd, saime toime, E's o gud deyle o pluk laft in im, has th' owd felley. Aw seed th' memburs mony o taim get op un goo undemeyth where aw wor, un aw wondurt iv it wor fur to get summut fur to sup, fur aw yerd th' Speykur ko eawt moore nur wonse, Ordur ut th' bar, us E luke't that rode on.

Aw seed Mestur D-isreely us gwos in fur Bukingumshur. E's raythur o yungish lukin chap, we blak ure oppo his yed, o bit curly—o thin felley we o whoite faze, leet culurt breechus on, un o blak quot; to maw thynkin, E luke't laiike o faut-findin chap, just mete saime us aw'm towd E is. Aw gues E's rekoned o clevur soart ov o chap, but aw may naut on him, nur no mon elze uz isent uth reet soide. Iv E'd goo tuth skoo o bit to Cobdin un Brite, E met be o sum mak o use sum toime. Whol aw wor lukin ut im, aw

yerd sumboddi ko eawt, Strangurs withdrau, un, bith man, e we haddent fur to lev us shets ogen. Aw

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noed neaw wat it wor for, un aw war noane freetent, saime toime, to maw thynkin, it wor mayin foos o foke, to nock um obeawt e that rode, un O fur naut.

Aw wor ill tyert, un aw thaut us aw cudent be letten o be e me shet, aw'd goo whome, fur it wor welley toime fur to goo to bed, so aw went streight eawt hinto th'strete o purpus for to goo whome ogen. Us aw wor gooin eawt aw ax'd o gentulmun wat toime it wor, un E sed, It's elevun o klok, my man. Aw sed, It nevir is, fur shure. Eh! heaw gloppent aw wor wen aw fund us aw wor so fur fro Simon Pike's ut that toime uth neet; thynks aw to mesel, Aw's be loike fur to av o roide fur wonst. Us sune us aw geet hinto th' stretre aw seed o rook o cabs, un won on um us droives ax'd me iv aw'd av won, un so aw sed, Wat ul theaw may me pay fur to goo te Gumshun-strete? E sed, Thre shillin, sir. Aw sed, Theaw'l be fause te get thre shillin eawt o me, owd mon, fur aw warch fur maw brass. Waw, aw sed, aw cud roide to Wakefil oppo th' ralerode fur have a creawn, un that's oboone too hundurth moile, mon; heaw con theaw fur shaime o thee faze? We that o rook o these cab chaps koome op to me un startud o ther jaw. Won on um koed eawt, I say, old feller, I aint goink te charge u nothink, me harti. Onuther on um sed us E'd let me roide e too ov his cabs, un pay fur o pint o have un have, un o deyle o moore rumgumshus stuf they koome eawt we, un O th' toime aw stode there us solid us o keaw's husbun, un wen they'd gan oer o ther jaw, aw sed, Let those laff us wins, owd lads; aw getten me brass un yo'n getten yor cabs, gud neet to yo O, un tel yer muthers te send yo sumweere fur to larn mannurs. Aw sed, E yo wenten on e that rode e Rachde, yo'd get braut ofore th' Justisus, un oather Willium Chedik ur elze Clemunt ud warm yor jakets for yo. Eh! heaw they did laff when aw'd dun, O on um ut wonse, loike o lott o jakasus, un aw laft um, fur o mon met welley us wele try fur te put th' Eggshibishun hinto his singlit pokit us auter th' moind uy o Lundun cab chap. Fur O it wor so lat, aw did see sum stok o cabs rattlin obeawt us aw

went whome, but we spirrin furst o won chap un then uv onuther, aw geet saife to Gumshun-strete betwene twelv un won o klok ut neet; sum lat, wern't it?

Mestur Pike wor waytin on me, fur E noed aw shud be lat, un so E'd sent tuther foke to bed, un wen aw'd getten

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sum chees un brade, we smoukt us pipes whol aw'd towd im O us aw seed un yerd. E sed aw wor o reet un fur to goo fro whome, for o mon mut av o deyle o whoite in his een fur to chet me. Wen aw geet oslepe, bith mon, iv aw dident start o dremin us aw wor o Parleyment mon, un aw thaut us aw wor dressin th' nots hoff um oboone o bit obeawt turnin foke eawt o their shets us koome o seein wat wor gooin on, un obeawt sum on um foin oslepe osted o moindin ther Parleymentin. Just ofore aw wakkent aw wor tellin um us Rachde foke wantud animul parleyments un vote be bailut un sich loike, un us th' owd wimmen ud nevir be quoite whol they geet cheppur tay, un as fur church rates, we'd dun oway we thame ursels, un so th' Parleyment met doo us they loikt fur aut us we car'd Wen aw koome to that, aw thaut us ther wor sich sheawtin eawt "Heer, heer," whol aw wakkent, un, bith mon, aw wor o deyle fainer fur to foind mesel e bed nur aw shud o bin to foind mesel o Parleyment mon, un so neaw

Aw'l finish Fourt Chaptur.

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CHAPTUR FIFT.

O Lettur to maw Swetehart.—Seed mm Rachde foke oppo th' rode tuth Eggshibishun.—Wat aw seed ith Krystil Palus.—Seein wat they koen o Blumer.—Seed won chap us big us too.—O bit o tauk u o Yorshurmun us went to th' Eggshibishun beawt his muthur, un obeawt blts o thyngs besaide.

This mornin aw geet reddy fur to goo to th' Eggsbibishun ogen, bekose to-morn it wor th' qualluty day, un have o creawn to goo in, wor moore raythur nur aw loikt fur to

pay, pertikler wen aw cud get in fur o shillin. Ofore aw seet hoff, aw unbethaut me us aw'd bettur roite o lettur to Jinny, ur elze hoo met thynk ng aw'd furgetten hur, ur wur lost, ur summut, un so aw baut sum papper un sich loike, un rote hur this lettur : —

Gumshun strete,
Lundun,
Owd Englung.

Maw dere Jinny,

Theese fu loines komes hoppin to foind thee wele un harty, us they levven me ut tis presunt toime, thank God for it. Aw dar sa us theaw'l ha wundert mony o toime wat's komn o me sin aw laft whome fur Lundun.

Aw geet saife un seawnd heere, un aw'm wele plest we komin to Mestur Simon Pike's, fur aw cudent be more cumfurtublur o whome, obut iv thee un me wer'n wed, un livvin togethur, us aw gues we shan be ofore lung. Aw sin un yerd so mich sin aw koome heere, whol it's no mak o use hausin fur to insens thee hinto it, e maw lettur. Bles thee loife, iv aw wor fur to roite uv O fore soides o me pappur, un cros it besaide, aw cudent tel thee hauve on't, but aw studdi mony o toime heaw plest aw shoi be fur to tel thee obeawt it wen aw get whome ogen, un moore pertikler wen we getten sattelt in o heawse be ussels, un it ul noane be maw faut iv it's lung ofore. Aw wer ith Parleyment Heawse last neet, aw wor fur shure; un aw bin ith Greyt Eggshibishun, un sin O maks o thyngs us evur

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theaw con thynk on, us aw shol tel thee obeawt sum toime. Aw sin O maks o foriners, un th' greyte dimun, un th' krystil fountun, un sum foke us aw noed fro Rachde. Theaw mun let me muthur luke ut this lettur, un tel hur us aw thynk obeawt hur mony o toime. Tel Jim us aw wish E wor heere, un Ned too, fur aw shol larn summut fur to studdi obeawt us lung us aw liv; aw wodent o mist o no keawnt, naw, not iv aw'd ad to clem for it. It leets o chap heere fur to tak kare ov hissels, fur iv E dulent E's shure fur to be chetted ov O ends un soides. Aw'd loik'd fur to bin taen in moore nur wonst, but aw

leet um see us Rachde foke ur noane to be dun. Aw shol be sum plest wen aw see thee ogen, un so no moore ut presunt fro thaw oan dere

BOB.

Tay notis.—Aw shiid o loikt verri wele fur to av o lettur fro thee, but aw kno us theaw's o bit ov o flaw e thaw edikashun, we nevr larnin to reed.

Wen aw'd sent me lettur hoff, aw went thru Trafalgur Square, un luk't ut th' fountuns ogen; un us aw wor gooin op o strete aw seed o plaze koed Italiun Opero Heawse, o bigish soart ov o plaze raythur, un aw wor towd us ther wor doancin un singin there welley evuri neet, un us noane on it wor dun ith English langwidge. Aw seed ut o dur o pappur us sed Tikits sowd heere, un thynks aw to mesel, aw'l go to-neet wen aw kom fro th' Greyt Eggshibishun, fur aw wantud fur to see O us wor gooin on e Lundun, un aw'd oboone have o me brass laft. So aw went in un ax'd o mon wat th' tikits wor opese. E sed, O ginney, un have o ginney, sur. Aw sed, Yo nevr sen so. E sed, That's the prise. Wat, aw sed, fur nobbut won neet, un no English spokken noathur? Bith mon, aw sed, foke may wele breyke e they may'en ther brass oway e that rode; un aw'l tel yo won thyng aw sed, us it ul doo noane fur Rachde foke, yo may depend. Yo munnut be pottert, aw sed, we me taukin e this rode, fur aw olis speyke us aw thynk. O, E sed, it's all rite; un E did naut but laff us aw bid im gud day. Fro there aw geet hinto Pikkeydilly ogen, un it wor us thrung us evur. Eh! wat carrigus, un hornnibus's, un foke, fur shure!

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Us aw wor gooin on, hoo shud aw see but Mestur Richard Cleg, okshunere, fro Rachde. E'd his wite hankicher on, us clen us o penny. Aw sin his offisus e Baleystrete. Aw seed im, too, toime us Clemunt Royds ad his i-sherif proseshun, we o rosette us big us o ponkake welley—raythur iv oathur o greyt mon. Saime toime, ther's mony o wor chap. Aw connut just tel hoo E wed, but aw noed his faythur o lung whoile sin. O bit fur on, aw koome to o greyt yollo bildin oeronent Hide Park, koed Sent Georgus Ospitul, fur

foke us has ther legs brokken un sich loike. They peesen um ogen theree, un gies foke fisik fur O maks o cumplaynts un alements, obut thoose us ur rung e ther yeds, un thoose gwos to onuther spot sumweere. It wor put op uth bildin, Supportud we voluntari kontribushuns. Aw gues that myens us they'n naut loike church rates fur to kepe it gooin. Fro theree aw cud see Bukingum Palus, wheere th' Quene livs. It luk't o greyt plaze, verri; un aw seed o banner flyin oppo th' top, us they sen is olis theree wen th' Quene's o whome, un wen hoo gwos fro whome (us hoo did wen hoo koome te Manchesstur) they taen it deawn, but yo'l reed obeawt it fur on, aw dar sa.

Fro theree aw koome to wat they koen Nite's-brige, un hoo shud aw see ocros th' rode but Mestur Edwurd Taylur, drugist, un Mestur Jon Ashurth, payntur, us geet th' proize us wor gan we Box Breawn, fur o hessay ogen slaveri. It wor o grand Bibul, ur summut o that mak, aw bin towd. Aw'l just mortulize Jon we puttin that e maw buke, fur aw'm us mich ogen slaveri us ony mon livvin—ah, us mich us Box Breawn hissel is. Aw seed it ith news us Mestur Taylur un Mestur Ashurth wor komn to Lundun oppo th' Savins Bank consarn, fur to see ith Parleyment ud let th' poor foke ha ther brass us they geet chettud eawt on. Eh! wat o consarn that wor, fur shure! Nobbut thynk o George roidin obeawt e his carrige, un O we poer fokes's brass toe; bith mon, E wur wor nur Fergus we his lond skeyme. To maw thynkin, they'l get th' brass fro th' Parleyment fur thoose wat's hin chettud we th' Savins Bank, e they'l nobbut lay op too um. They'n getten too reet uns fur too doo it, fur Mestur Taylur ul giv um o dose ofore E's dun we um, un Mestur Ashurth ul stik too um loike paynt; let's see, E wed Josif Wud dauter; eh! we'n ad sum stok

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o meyle un fleawr fro his shop. Mestur Taylur is noane wed, but aw'v yerd us E's beawn fur to be. It's us th' wumun sed, It's wat we mun O kom to, suner ur laytur. Ther bwoth on um Methodis, un gwon tuth Sosiashun Chappil, aw bin towd. Ther raythur o Raddikil set us gwos theree; aw dunnut thynk us thers o Tori ith whol lott. Aw rekillekt

wen th' lekshuns wor on, us ther wor sum stok on um votud fur Mestur Fentun un Sharmun, un they geet koed th' red Methodis.

Eh! wat o consarn that wor obeawt Box Breawn chettin eawt o slaveri fro his mestur, in o littul box us E cud ardy be crom'd hinto, un heaw quare E mut o felt hissell wen th' box wur th' rung soide op—E met o deede, metent E? But O's wele us ends wele. Aw woddent giv o butten fur ony mon us stons op fur byin un sellin foke just bekose they leeten fur to av blak fazus. Aw gues o chimbley swepur met be sowd, oppo that footin, but let ony mon hause fur to sel won ov his felley-cratur e Englund, un moore pertikler e Rachde, un, bith mon, foke ud welley poo im e peesus. 'Merika foke ul av to giv in to that too, ofore lung, ur elze aw'm chettud. Aw'm towd us preychurs un O there, byes un sels blak foke. Iv aw lived e 'Merika, un noed us maw preychur did so, aw'd nevr giv im o haupenny ut o kollekshun, naw, not iv E sent th' box reawnd evuri Sunda, aw woddent. Heaw con that be dooin us they'd be dun by?—heaw con o chap o that mak fur shaime ov his faze goo hinto o pulpit? Aw cudent, aw'm shure. Un they koen 'Merika th' lond o liberte too! Liberte fur o mon to be sowd un takken oway fro his woife un childer. Let um do it we me, iv aw'd o blak faze (un it's noane so wite sumtimes), un aw'd tay th' liberte o breykin ther yeds—appen not quite, but welley. It's o brunnin shaime us they'n 'leaw sich gooins on. They'n bin tryin latly fur to catch thoose ogen wat's run hoff fro slaveri, un they'n catcht it thersels, sum on um has dun. Won chap geet kilt, so E's dun, aw gues, we fottin foke to be slaves ogen. Aw'l giv oer heytin 'Merika chees, bith mon, e they dunnut let foke be fre us they shudden be. Yo sin aw'm gettin raythur wott oppo this slaveri questin. Aw connut elp it, heaw con aw? Aw'v no payshuns we um un ther kaps o liberte; ther naut but o parsel o feffnecutes, powsedurts us they r. Tauk on it

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bern o fre kuntre, wen o mon us hassent o leet culurt faze connut koe his yed his oane! But aw'm gettin mad ut um, aw'l give oer. Dunnut yo thynk us Box Breawn shud send me o proize, o buke, ur o pese o plaite, ur summut, fur roitin e this rode? Eh! heaw mad

they'n be iv ony o maw bukes gets too 'Merika. But aw'm furgettin th' Eggshibishun ogen. Let's see! O, aw laft hoff wen aw'd getten too o plaze koed Nite's-brige, un seed wat they koen th' Chinees Eggshibishun. Oppo th' frunt on't they'n o deyle o payntin obeawt th' Quene un o rook moore greyt foke us ad bin to see it, un th' shap o sum Chiney foke we pigtales on. Aw ax'd o mon us wor stonnin ut th' dur, wat mak o foke E ad in, un E made onsur un sed, O Ladi fro Chiney, we fete nobbut obeawt fore inchus lung, un o deyle moore thyngs besaide, E sed. Waw, aw sed, wor hoo born so? Yes, E sed, ther all born we smo fete e Chiney. Aw sed, Wat o foo aw am fur axin that, we'r O born we smo fete, ar'nt us, e Englun us wele us Chiney? But, aw sed, heaw did hoo kepe um smo? O, E sed, we usen iren shune. Bith mon, aw sed, hoo mun ha lotts o korns, then, fur e won o maw shune nobbut fits o bit tyte, aw'm us shure to ay o korn us eggs ur eggs. Wel, ses aw, aw shud be o biggur foo nur hur, fur to pay o shillin fur to luke ut sich o cratur; it ud be us ill us payin o shillin fur to see o mon nock his yed ogen o wo, ur doo hissels damige sum rode elze. Aw sed, Aw gues yo'n o buke to sel? O yes, E sed, sixpunze each. Ah, aw sed, aw thaut yo ad; yo con doo naut e Lundun beawt o sixpuny buke. Yo'r O olike, it's brass us yo wanten. But, aw sed, aw mun be gooin, fur aw'm fur th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un aw con see o vaste deyle moore fur me brass there nur aw con we yo. But yo mun nevr hede me, aw sed, fur aw'm fro Rachde, un we'r raythur onist spokken foke. O, E sed, it's all rite, me man, un aw laft im.

Fro there aw sune koome to th' Krystil Palus ogen, we thrutchin me rode omung foke un carrigus us thrung us evur. Eh! wat lotts ther wor to be shure. Aw gan me shillin, un in aw went ogen, streyt tuth krystil fountun. Furst chap us aw seed wor Jim Yep, fro Bakup. E gwas eawt we leechus. Jim's o reet un fur gooin fro whome. Aw seed im nockin oway us iv E kared fur noboddi; Jim

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woddent be feyrd iv E seed th' Quene, noane im. Thyngs aw to mesel, e Jim cud o braut Bakup teawn we im, it wod o getten th' furst proize fur durt un slutch, fur aw nevr seet maw foote e sich o durty ole e maw loife. E Jim ud nobbut knone me, aw'd o towd im

fur to tay sum besums bak we im to Bakup, fur iv aw'd ony childer un liv'd there, aw shud welley be feyrd o sum on um bein laust ith slutch. Sum toime sin, o lott on um us livs there, us wor gettin tyert uth slutch un dirt, sent word tuth yed quarturs e Lundun, us they wantud um fur te let Bakup foke av o nu lau us ther is, fur to clen um op o bit. It's koed, iv aw'm reet, Elth Teawns Bil. Un so oppo that footin, o chap koome deawn fur to yer wat they adden fur to sa fur thersels ut Bakup. Sum on um wor O for it, un uther sum wor us mich ogen it, un they geet te foin eawt omung thersels obeawt it. Won chap gan witness us ther wor ardlly won littul heawse fur o whol strete fit fur o dasunt chap to put his yed in; un sum sed won thyng, un sum sed onuther, whol th' chap fro Lundun cudent tel wat te may o Bakup foke, un so they'n laft um te feight it eawt omung thersels; un aw gues e they shud get moore worser tyert o livvin ith durt, un con agree fur te send fur this nu lau, they con av it fur axin for, but aw bin towd us ther beawn fur to doo wat they wanten thersels, beawt sendin fur onyboddi. But aw mun lev Jim un Bakup foke too, un start o tellin yo wat aw seed ith Greyt Eggshibishun.

Wen aw wor ith Palus ofore, aw wor mostly deawn uth reet hond soide, un neaw aw turnt te me lift, un geet hinto Inde. Theere aw seed o stuft elefant, we o thyng oppo it bak fur foke te roide in—welley loike o bed it wor, un luk't bwoth nise un quare, to maw thynkin. Wen th' Eggshibishun wor beawn fur to start, sum nowmun us yerd o this stuft elefant komin, gan it eawt us it wor stuft we gunpeawder, un us it wor to be foyert hoff un blo th' whol consarn op. It wor towd so fur to freeten foke, but it mist. Wat o foo fur to set that tale eawt; E disarvt stitchin op ith elefant balley fur o weke, un to be beawt meyte, raskil us E wor. Ther wor o deyle o grand thyngs ith saime pla.ze us th' eiefunt wor in, made o ivory, th' shap o Inde foke e ther heawses, un th' shap on um dooin differunt maks o wark us Inde foke dun, un sum grand sanduls, un skins o lepurds we spots en, un tigur un lyon

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skyns un O. Besoide O these, aw seed elefant tusks un stuft brids, th' shap ov o Indoo Tempul, un us grand o bed us evur mon doff'd his clewus fur to get hinto.

Wen aw wor lukin ut that lepurd skin un th' pratty spots ut wor on, aw unbethaut me obeawt o lad us wor ut skoo, un th' maistur ax'd im iv evur o lepurd chang'd it spots, un E sed, Ah! Th' maistur war sum gloppent ut his onsur, bekose E'd kalkilatud us th' lad ud o sed, Naw; un so E sed, Heaw con that be? Waw, th' lad sed, wen E's tyert o won spot E gwos too onuther. That wor o poser for im, wor'nt it?

Th' next plaze us aw geet hinto wor Kanady, un there aw seed o bote un o foire ingin, un th' shap ov o brige, o sled fur to gon oer th' sno in, un peesus o coppur, un silvur, un gowd; shune fur to wauk ith sno in, trunks fur to put clewus in, un wax kanduls, biskits, un sich loike. Australey aw koome too next, un there aw seed a deyle o farmin stuf, sum wull, un o deyle o ma.ks o thyngs fur to let us see wat they con grew there. Oppo th' wo ther wor o deyle o nise pikters o differunt spots us ther is there, un to maw thynkin it mun be o nise kuntre — saime toime, Owd Englun fur me. Eh! ther is sum stok o Rachde foke there, un sum wele they'n dun, o deyle on um has. It ses ith news us they'n fund gowd there, saime loike us ut Kaleforny, un foke ur runnin fra O quarturs to scrat for it, fur they sen it's fund omung th' durt, un to maw thynkin, e this kuntre o deyle on us han to get us gowd omung th' durt. Australey foke ur welley blak, not quite—obeawt th' culur ov o styem pon wat's ill brunt, un they sen us they heyten snales un grubs un aut us they con pike op. Eh! wat craturs they mun be, fur shure. They'n heyte kangaroos e they con nobbut get um. O kangaroo's obeawt th' soize ay o tom cat, un ith frunt on um they'n o bag e ther skin, raythur biggur nur maw bacca peawch, un wen ther yung uns ur freetent, aw bin towd us they jumpen hinto this bag, un th' muthur cuts hoff we um—isent it quare? verri!

Aw dar sa sum on yo noed Mestur Henry Cheetum us wons wor o preychur oboon Littlebruf, ut Summit, aw thynk they koed it; E's gwon to Australey o preychin too um, un those us noes, sen us E's dooin verri wele, un preychin loike o gud un. E raythur mist his rode e this

kuntry, un preych'd hissel hoff uth soide o sum keawnt. E's gwon sumwere obeawt th' gowd mines, weere so mony foke ur gwon too; aw shud thynk us E'l giv neaw un then o sarmon fro "The lov o money is the rute ov O evul." Fro Australey aw went hinto o skulpter reawm, un seed th' shap o sum uth Quene's childer, un o deyle o noice figers besoide; un to maw thynkin sum on um ud o luk't no wor e they'd ad ther breechus on. Fro there aw went deawn o verri lung plaze. Eh! wat o soize it wor, O ful o wat they koen hagrikultural himpliments, O maks o thyngs fur farmurs, un sum stok on um ther wor, aw'l warrunt yo, un sum waggins un karts us aw'd loike to furgetten. Sune aftur aw koome to Sheffil, un us onyboddi met hexpekt, it wor ful o fyles, un saws, un razzurs, un nives, un pens, un buttuns, un spewns, un taypots, un sich loike. But th' wondur ov O wor o greyt serkiler saw. Eh! wat o big un it wor. Aw ax'd o mon us wor there, heaw big it wor, un E sed it wor six foote e dyametur. Aw sed, Weereobeawts us that? aw nevr yerd o dyametur ofore—is it e Yorshur sumweere. O, E sed, it meens six fut ocross fro won side tuth tuther. O, aw sed, that's wat dyametur meyns, is it? O mon mun liv un lam, aw sed. Eh! wat o big saw that wor; iv it wor gooin reawnd we styem, it ud cut hoff th' yeds ov o whol regiment o sodiers e foive minnits, aw'm shure. Eh! wen that koome hinto me yed aw welley went cowd us aw wor lukein at it.

Whol aw wor stonnin there, aw seed foke lukein ut o ladi, un aw sed tcx o chap us wor taukin we o felley, Wat ar O those fokes stayrin ut that wummun so for, has hoo dun summut? O, E sed, she's o Blumer. O Blumer, aw sed, wat's that? We that, E towd me us hoo wor won o sum moore ladies us wor beawn fur to bring op nu fashunt clewus. E sed, Ther goin to ware breechus. Wel, aw sed, is that O? Plenti o wimmin wayrn th' breechus weere aw kom fro, e Rachde; but, aw sed, yo appen meyn won thyng un me onuther; heawsumevur, aw'l av o luke fur mesel, un so hoff aw seet fur to see this Blumer. Hoo wor o meterly noice lukin lass, we o lungish mak ov o quot on, o bit saime loike us wat they koen o sertoo, saime mak welley us hoffisurs wayrn, o bit oppen ith frunt; un lower deawn hoo'd summut loike breechus us wor teede reawnd close too hur anklif, un then o frili uth botham uy

O, just oboone her shune; un to maw thynkin hoo luk't verri pratty, un aw seed no kashun fur foke to stayre at hur e that rode, loike o lott o gonners stayrin ut o chap gooin oer o moor. Iv aw'd bin won uth qualluty foke, un wor wed to Jinny, us aw hexpekt fur to be, aw shuddent kare o buttun obeawt hur wayrin that mak o clewus, nobbut hoo shud goo no fur, bekose aw'd olis tak kare fur to ware th' famuly breechus mesel, fur e yo'l nobbut tay notis, naut gvos reet wen wimmin starten o hektorin un gausterin oer ther husbuns. Wimmin ur reet enuf wen ther e ther reet plaze, un iv we addent thame fur to luke aftur us clewus un thyngs, we shud O be laust e muk un durt. Eh! wat poor craturs we shudden be fur shure. Saime toime, aw dunnut howd we thooee chaps us gets drunken un gvos whoame o 'bewsin ther woives o shaime to be sin. Wen o felley starts o fudlin, E welley olis starts o foindin faut we his woife, un hoo con doo naut reet iv hoo trys evur so. Iv aw wor o wummun (fur O us aw raythur loike o saupe o whoame-brued mesel) aw'd wed o teetotalur; bith mon, aw meyn ony wummun obut Jinny, yo noane.

Us sune us th' Blumer ud gwon, aw seet me deawn on o form fur to rest mese! o bit, un o quoitish, deawnkest lukein chap keawert im deawn osoide on me, un aw thaut aw'd av o doo we im ut o bit o tauk, fur wen o mon's fro whoame E shud olis be aftur gettin fur to kno surnmut fresh fro evuri boddi us E con tauk we. Aw sed to im, Wat dun yo thynk o this greyt Eggshibishun, owd chap? dunnut yo thynk us o moore grandur seete nevir wor sin oppo this yerth ofore? Ar yo o Lankishur chap? aw sed. Nooa, E sed, I cums fray Yorkshir. O, aw sed, then yore wat they koen o Yorshur byte, ar yo? Wat tawn dun yo kom fro? Wy, E sed, I cums fray neer Deawsburi. Aw seed us E wor o raythur sauftish mak ov o chap, un thynks aw to mese!, aw'l av o bit o jaw we im, un so aw sed, Wer ta evur e Lundun ofore, owd mon? Eh! bless thee, barn, E sed, I nivvur wor too moile fra whooam afore, nivvur. Wel, aw sed, dus thee muthur kno theaw'rt eawt? Eea, fur sure, E sed, shoo fand me brass fur to kom we, un teld me fur to be sure fur to tak kare o mesen. Wel, aw sed, un gud hadvise too, owd lad; but wat dus ta thynk uth Eggshibishun? Wy, E sed, it's varra grand, varra. Aw

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sed, Has ta sin th' greyt dimun, koed th' Ko-e-noor? E sed, Nooa. Then, aw sed, dus ta kno weere th' krystil fountun is, then? Not os I knaw on, E sed. Wel, ses aw, theaw mist thee rode, mon, to maw thynkin, we not bringin th' owd wummun we thee, fur theaw'l luke o bonny foo wen theaw gets bak ta Deawsburi, us theaw koes it, un connut tel um naut noather obeawt th' greyt dimun, nur th' krystil fountun, nur naut elze us aw see on—but ther's appen noboddi no fawser nur theesel weere theaw koms fra. Aw sed Gud da to thee, un tak kare o theesel, un wen theaw gets whoame ogen, gie maw respekts to th' owd wummun, un tel hur us thew seed o felley fro Rachde—aw gues theaw con rekillekt that e theaw con thynk o naut elze. Wat o chap fur to goo fro whoame, to be shure!

Th' next us aw seed wor sum grand furnitur, cheers, tabuls, peeanus, un sich loike; un aftur thame o greyt rook o verri grand thyngs fur churchus, lamps, shandeleers, un sum mak o thyngs koed kandelabros, aw nevr yerd o sich o naime us that ofore.

Fro there aw went un seed o rook o raleway inguns, un sum grand karrigus ogen. Us aw stode there, thynks aw to mesel, ther's o noyse vastli loike o faktury, un aw went un stuk me yed hinto o dur ole, un, bith mon, iv aw didnt see sum faktury foke worchin. In aw went in o minnit, un aw did stayre sum wen aw seed oppo th' wo, e greyt letturs, "Rochdale Machinery." Aw nudg't o chap, a gentulmun aw gues aw shud ko im, un towd im fur to luke ut those big letturs, un aw sed, Aw kom fro there, mon. E sed, Doo u, Sir? Aw sed, Ah, aw doo, fur shure; un aw sed, Dun yo see those masheens we Maysun on? Aw kno im, man, aw sed, un th' plaze weere E manefakturs um, un aw noed his faythur ofore im. Aw thaut us E'd appen o hin axin me summut obeawt oathur th' masheens ur Rachde, but E pusht on omung th' creawd o foke, un aw laust seete on im. Thynks aw to mesel, Yo're welley us ill us that Yorshur chap; fur aut us aw con see, yo wanten fur to kno naut, un aw cud o towd yo summut us yo nevr noed afore. O man towd me us th' Quene ud bin in, un hoo taukt tuth faktury lassus us wor there us noice us iv they'd hin hur oan childer. Eh! wat o noice wummun th'

Quene is, fur shure; hoo desarves O us they diden for hur wen hoo koome to
Manchesstur. Wat dun

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yo think us o owd felley koed eawt too hur us hoo wor gooin eawt o Sawfurth hinto
Manchesstur, osoide uth Viktorea Brige? Waw, us th' karrigus wor komin just oeront
weere E wor, E thrutched hissel forrud un kept twerlin his kap reawnd ogen un ogen, un
E luk't us E wor welley fit to brast; ut last ov O, wen E geet reawm fur to oppen his
meawth, E koed eawt us leawd us evur E cud, Eh! God bless thee, lass, aw noed thee
faythur, un aw noed thee gronfaythur, un aw nevir ad o balleyful o meyte whol they'rn
here, but us sune us evur theaw koome aw geet o balleyful, un aw'v ad plenti to heyte
evur sin. Bith mon, that chap wor o gud un, wern't E?

Aw koome next too o plaze us aw dar sa evuri boddi ul rekillekt, it wor 'freshment
reawm. Eh! ther wor sum stok o foke in, fur shure, O on um heytin un suppin us ard us
evur they cuden. Ther mun o bin mony o waggin lodd o veyle pyes un thyngs hetten. It
capt me weere O th' ice koome fro, fur aw seed mony o skore o glas fuls hetten whol
aw wor in, un it hadunt startud o freezin wen aw laft Rachde, un it wor warm, verri, e
Lundun. Heawsumevur, aw ax'd o chap obeawt it, un E sed o deyle on it koome fro
Omerika, un wor presarvt e kowd plazus, sellurs un sich loike. Aw geet sixpenurth o
veyle pye ogen, un ax'd fur o bottul o pop, un, bith mon, iv E hadent th' impiduns fur to
ax me sixpunze for it, un aw ad to pay it too. Aw towd th' waitur us aw cud get have o
duzen bottuls fur that e Rachde, but aw met us wele o bin taukin tuth hemty pop bottul
fur aut us E kared, so aw jaw'd im o bit we axin im, heaw leets they hadent o sixpuny
katolog o ther heytin stuf to sel. Us aw seet theree, O ut wonst aw seed evuri boddi
welley turnin ther yeds fur to luke ut summut, un us sune us aw'd turnt me oan yed, wat
shud aw see but o greyt gyant komin hinto th' reawm. Eh! wat o chap! th' biggest mon us
evur aw seed e maw bife, th' lungest un biggest chap e Rachde ud be o foo to im; un E
waukt deawn th' reawm us streyte us o pokur, un E smylt ut th' foke us E went by, us iv
E wor wele plest fur to be stayrt at so. E wor koed, us aw wor towd, Mestur Roburt

Hales, the Norfuk gyant, un E wor wonst in o sho, un neaw E keeps o aleheawse e
Lundun sumwere. Aw follud im tuth botharn uth reawm, fur aw wantud fur to see heav
mich o mon o that soize cud polish hoff ith heytin

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loine o won doo, but E koed fur naut, so aw gues E mut uv ad his whack o summut
ofore E laft whoame. E made me thynk o that greyt mon us David kilt us th' Skriptur
tels on; Golya, aw thynk E wor koed. It mun kost im summut e clewus; waw, aw shud
thynk us won ov his quots ud may me bwoth o quot, o singlet, un breechus, un leggins
besoide; aw wodent be us big us im o no 'keawnt. Wen E wor gwon eawt, aw keawert
me deawn ogen, un us aw wor heytin o tuppenny kake, aw yerd too chaps osoide on me
taukin, un won on um aw cud yer wor o greyt foo, un aw cud ardly howd me din, un aw
kept mesel quoite us lung us evur aw cud. Ut last ov O, aw yerd im foindin faut we th'
Eggsbibishun. E sed ther wor sich o rook o foriners komin oer whol they'd foind eawt
th' wake plazus e this kuntry weere they cud yeasiest lond at, un sum toime we shud av
o lott on um komin oer un killin us O. Bith man, wen aw yerd that, aw cud howd no
lungur, un so aw sed, Mestur, iv yo plez? un E sed, Sur. Aw sed, Aw bin yerrin yo tauk
obeawt th' foriners foindin eawt th' wake plazus e this kuntry; neaw, aw sed, Yo mun
oathur av o wake plaze, ur o sauft spot e yor yed, ur elze yo'd nevir tauk e that rode.
Eh! heaw E stayrt at me; un E sed, Whoo are you? Waw, aw sed, Mesel, to be shure. E
sed, Moind yer oan bisnes, then. Aw sed, Aw am dooin, mon, it's maw bisnes fur to
luke aftur me nativ lond, un fur to stop sich nowmuns us thee fro freetenin foke, we
taukin obeawt th' enemi komin to kil us O. Aw sed, Dun yo kno weere Rachde is? E
sed, No. Wel but, aw sed, aw doo, fur aw kom fro there, un we'n sum sodiers there
koed Yomunre, gentulmun sodiers that meyns; un aw sed, Nobbut let those chaps yer
us th' enemi wor londin, un they'd be oppo ther orsus e no toime, un ony too on um ud
kil o Frenshmun—three on um wod, aw'm shure. Han yo nevir yerd o Mestur
Haneswurtb Crooke? aw sed, fur E's uth yed on um; E's o sperit marchunt. Those ur
the chaps fur feightin, mon. Eh! heaw E wod ko eawt "At um un kil um, lads," to his

sodiers ith enemi wor osoide on um; saime toime, aw dar sa us E'd o deyle raythur ka eawt fur um, to be kilt, nur hause fur to kil ony on um hissel. But, aw sed, it's no mak o use me taukin to thee, oathur obeawt Rachde ur Rachde foke, e theaw dusent know weere it is, un so aw

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geet op fur to goo, un aw sed, Aw gues we parten frends, dun us? O yes, E sed, onli try to moind yer oan bisnes in futur. Wel, aw sed, un aw'l bid thee gud da, we just this peese o hadvise, us thew con bottul op whol theaw gets whoame, wen theaw tauks ogen obeawt oathur sauft ur wake plazus, rekillekt wat aw sed to thee, obeawt that sauft spot e thaw yed, un we that aw laft im. Bith mon, to maw thynkin, aw gan yo o lung chaptur neaw, un we this okeawnt uth diskorse us aw ad we that chap we th' sauft spot in his yed, aw'l finish, we nobbut tellin yo us ther'l be

Naut elze e this Fift Chaptur.

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CHAPTUR SIXT.

Obeawt gooin hinto Rushy, un seein thoose Mally Kite durs.—O bit ov o doo we o Poleese.—Obeawt o doancing Bare, un seein Mestur, Wauker.—O tale obeawt Billy Dawsun, o Methody Preychur.—Seein sum Go-to-Persha, un gettin o saup o summut koed O-de-Kolone oppo me hankicher, un o skog we o Bowtun Trottur.

WEN aw laft that felley us aw towd yo on ith tuther chaptur, aw rambult obeawt o whoile op un deawn, tayin no pertikler notis o naut but th' foke, un sum rumgumshus chaps aw seed, aw'l warrant yo. Aw seed o greyt rook o childer fro sum charuty skoo, O drest e whoite tippits, un sum mak o strau bonnits on, un verri wele they O on um luk't—clen un dasunt, verri. Ofore aw went ogen op stayres, aw went o seein wat ther wor e Rushy, fur aw'd bin towd o no okeawnt fur to mis gooin there, bekose ther wor o deyle o grand thyngs us they'd bin settin op. Aw'd o deyle o thrutchin fur to get in, but

aw manig'd we keepin uth bak ov o greyt brosten chap, us wor thrutchin his rode loike o gud un. Reet ofore me aw seed those Mally Kite durs us foke un taukt so mich obeawt, un sum grand they wer'n, fur shure. Aw bin towd us they'rn wurth six theawsun peawnd. Nobbut thynk o six theawsun peawnd fur o pare o durs. Waw, aw cud av o whol heawse bilt, durs un O, us ud howd Jinny un me, fur fifte peawnd, us aw bin towd; that ud be too heawsus fur o hundurth peawnd, un twenti heawsus fur o theawsun peawnd; so oppo that footin, aw cud av o hundurth un twenti heawsus bilt, durs un O, fur th' proice o those Mally Kite durs, un evuri dur in um ud oppen un shut us wele us those. They luk't wele to be shure, but ony mon us ad um in his heawse ud olis be bothurt we um, fur iv o sarvunt lass wor to nok o peese hoff we th' kole box, iv it wor nobbut us big us o pin yed, E'd loyse oboon sixpenurth ut wonst, un iv o thefe wor fur to breyke in un nok o lump hoff we o hommer, E met tak too ur three hundurth peawnds' urth we im in his pokit; nobbut thynk o that, un yo'l see us ony won us baut um ud sune be faine to get shut on um

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un av his brass bak ogen. Yo may depend us ther's o greyt deyle o bothur we grand thyngs in o heawse, fur aw'v yerd mony o won sa us wat we lukin aftur um, un nokin ogen um, ther's olis summut rang. Fur O those luk't us iv they'rn O in o peese, saime loike us o lump o green glass, aw wor towd us they'rn maide op o littul bits us wor festened O togethur sum rode. Osoide o those durs aw seed o foire plaze, oathur gilt we gowd ur summut loike it. Eh! heaw grand it did but luke! saime toime, wat sens cud ther be in o foire plaze o that mak? Cud ony mon livvin foind in his hart fur to put kob koles, ur sleek oathur, e sich o plaze, un moore pertikler to set foire too um? Ith saime spot, aw seed too greyt grand lukin thyngs us they koed vaasus, fur to put waytur in, ur they'd howd churn milk oathur, un those wor made o Mally Kite too, un to maw thynkin, they'rn us grand us aut ith Eggshibishun. Aw gues those ud kost o theawsun peawnd ur too. Aw wor touchin won on um fur to fele heaw snod it wor, un o poleese koed eawt, Hands hoff, Sur. E sed aw met luke, but aw muttent tutch. Aw sed, Wel, aw

gues aw mun doo us aw'm towd; but, aw sed, noboddi towd me that ith 'freshment reawm us aw just komn eawt on, saime toime aw kno us aw ad to pay fur tutchin there, fur aw'd o sixpuny tutch ut nobbut won bottul o pop. Wen E yerd me tauk, E ax'd iv aw dident kom eawt o Lankishur sumweere, un aw sed, Ah, aw kom fro Rachde, un E sed E'd bin there, too o hunkel us E ad. Then, aw sed, yo'n sin th' Church Steps, aw gues, un Tim Bobbin's grave-stone. Wy, E sed, I've bene op the steps, but I nevr saw the gravestone. Wel, aw sed, that's quare, fur welley evuri boddi us koms to Rachde gwos o seein weere Tun Bobbin wor berrid; but kom, aw sed, aw'l tel yo wat ther is on, it ses—

Heer lies John, un we im Mary,

Cheke by jowl, un nevr vari;

No wondur ut they so ogree,

John wants no punsh, un Mol no tay.

Eh! heaw E lafft wen aw'd sed that. Aw sed, It's tru, fur shure; un, to maw thynkin, th' Viker shud o taen it op un sent it tuth Eggsbibishun. Eh! wat lotts o foke wod o bin reedin it. But, aw sed, aw mun be lukin aftur me seeteseein, ur elze aw's be missin summut, so aw'l bid yo gud da.

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Oppo o tabul ith saime plaie (aw meyn Rushy), aw seed th' shap ov o mon we o doancin Bare, made o silvur, un it luk't unkommun wele; eh! us natteruble us natteruble cud be. Th' Bare wor stonnin oppo it toe hinndmust legs, un th' chap ad howd on it we o peese o thik silvur bant, un E'd o short wip in his hond fur to may it doance we, wen E hommert o littul drum us E ad we th' tuther hond. E wor raythur o forin loike lukin chap—aw gues E wor fro Rushy. Onuthur pratty lukin thyng, rnade o silvur, wor koed the Silvur Jug. It wor o wummun, un uth bak on hur o tub we o baskit on, un o kat heyтин summut eawt uth baskit, Otogethur mayin nobbut won silvur pitchur, un sum wele it luk't. O wik Bare's won uth feawest cratur us o mon con set his een on, un it's O wele enuf fur o silvur un fur to be made to ston oppo too legs; but aw wodent howd

we ony mon gooin thru th' kuntry un mayin o poor cratur loike that ston uy it too legs fur te plez foos we, fur no meo in his sensus cud be wele plest we sich o seete; un saime loike aw'm ogen munkis bein dun so too, for e ther Makur ud ment um fur to ston oppo too legs E'd nevir o gan um fore. Heaw wod o mon, wat's made fur too goo oppo too legs, loike fur te be made te goo oppo his honds un neese?—noane ut O, te maw thynkin. Aw nevir gan o chap o that mak o haupenny; it's e low-loif't, beggurly rode o gettin e livvin; un iv o mon's karakter's noane bith kumpany E kepes, wat mak ov o chap mun that be wat's olis we o doancin Bare? Aw sin sich loike nowmuns e Rachde ofore neaw, un aw no payshuns we um.

Besoide wat aw neaw bin tellin yo en, aw seed o greyt deyle meere noice silver things, us aw con.nut just rekiliekt obeawt, but, Otogethur, it wor o grand seete, verri; un as fur thoose Mally Kite durs, aw's nevir furget um us lung us aw liv, aw'm shure. Eh! wat brass fur won pare o durs —six theawsun peawnd—fur shure. Bith mon, aw munnut furget sum jewils, us they koed um, us aw seed—that ul nevir doo. Aw wor towd us they'rn sent be o ladi fro Rushy, un us they'rn wurth thre theawsun peawnd, un aw cud o put um O e me breechus pokit. Aw nevir seed sich o plaze us th' Eggshibishun fur seein stuf us wor wurth so mich brass us wod goe hinto sich littul reawm. Aw wantud fur te kno summut obeawt thoose jewils ov o

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Rushy chap us stooede there fur to tak kare on um, un aw ax'd ini tuthre questins, but aw nevir geet naut but won onsur, un that wor, Thre tousun pawns; un aw dar sa iv aw'd ax'd im wat aw met cnt bis yed hoff for, E'd o sed, Thre tousun pawns. Nobbut thynk ov o chap komin to Englun, un settin hoff fro Rushy we obut knowin thre English wurd, un thoose, Thre tousun pawns. 'Sposin sum ale-heawse keeper, wen E loded, ud ax'd im heaw mich E'd loike fur to giv o weke fur o reawm in bis heawse fur to liv in, un E'd o made onsur we that bit o English, wat o foo E wod o luk't, un heaw E met o bin taen in. Aw wondur mony o toime us they speyken aut but English onyweere, it's so mich yesier fur te understond nur aut elze, un aw'd no truble we larnin it, un it ud kost

me mony o peawnd fur to larn oathur Frensh or Rushy tauk, un o deyle o bothur besoide.

Fro Rushy aw went op th' stares, un us aw wor gooin op, whoo shud aw see but Mestur Charls Wauker, fro Rachde; but us aw thaut E mettent kno me, aw sed naut too im fur o mon lukes sich o foo wen E axus onuther mon heaw E is, un sich loike, un gets towd we th' mon us E's hausin fur to tauk too, us E dusent rekillekt im. Aw wor wonst dun so too, but nevir no moore, aw'l tak kare. Heawsumevur, aw noed Mestur Wauker; he may's baskits un keawnty voates, un lukes aftur th' Raddikil voates e Rachde, un noes O obeawt lekshuneerin un sich loike. Wat o clewur chap E mun be, fur shure. Let's see! E wed Mestur Richurd Bakur grondauter, iv aw'm noane mistaen, un E gwas tuth Methody chappil. Aw thynk E's won o those Methody Reformurs, us they koen um. Wat o shyne they han kikt op ith kuntry, fur shure. They wanten th' owd Methodis fur to giv in to summut us they sen wants auterashun, un th' preychurs sen us they nevir win doo; so they han it omung um, un wich ul win noboddi noes, us aw con yer en. It's o greyt pittu ut ther shud be sich foin eawt omung um, isent it? Aw went tuth Methody Sunda Skoo wen aw wor o lad, un geet me larnin there, un so has mony o won e Rachde besoide me. Wat o deyle o maks o Methodis ther is neaw, isent ther? Waw, ther's th' owd Methodis, un th' Nu Connekshun Methodis, un th' Sosiashun Methodis, un th' Rantur Methodis; un aw shud thynk us onyboddi met get fittud op we aut they wantud

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ith Methody lyne, e sum o those plazus. Aw wonst yerd o preychur ith owd Methody chappil us they koed Bily Dawsun; E koome fra Yorshur sumweere. Eh! wat o preychur E wor, fur shure. E wor preychin fur th' Sunda Skoo, un aw gan um sixpunze wen th' boxus koome reawnd—aw did, fur shure. O chap towd me us wonst wen Billy wor preychin e Leeds, E wor taukin obeawt David un Golya, un E wor tellin heaw David went eawt fur to feight that big chap, un heaw E put o stoane hinto his sling, un nokt im deawn we sendin it hinto th' frunt ov his yed, un sich loike, un E wor just beawn fur to

tel obeawt David cuttin his yed hoff, wen o chap us wor ith chappil sheawtud eawt, Hoff we his yed, Billy, fur E'd dun it so wele whol th' felley ad aktily furgetten weere E wor, un sheawtud eawt e that rode. Eh! heaw E wod get stayrt at. Aw dunnut meyn fur to brag obeawt givin that brass wen aw yerd Billy, but aw thaut us aw'd getten o deyle o me larnin e that skoo, it wor us littul us aw cud doo fur to giv um summut, un iv it hadent hin fur skoos o won mak ur onuther, aw shud nevir o bin roitin o buke us aw am dooin just mete neaw, heaw cud aw?

Wen aw geet op hinto th' galury ogen, aw seed th' payntud windus ogen, un th' karpits, un aw koome too o rook uth grandest pots fro Stafurdshur, us evur ony mon clapt his een on. Aw seed too greyt vaasus, us they koen um, us aw wor towd kost welley fifte peawnd—nobbut thynk o that. Un aw seed sum grand figurs o diferunt maks made o Go-to-persha—that nu mak o stuf us they usen fur shune neaw, un they sen us they con welley rmay it hinto aut. Han yo nevir sin that stag un o lott moore thyngs us Mestur Nikelson as in his windo, e Drake-strete? They sen E as put sum stok on it oppo foke shune. Aw wonst ad o pare dun mesel, un won mornin ther'd hin o greyt fraust, un wen aw geet hinto th' strete aw kept slurrin obeawt just mete saime us iv aw'd skates on, un ut last av O, deawn aw went, un koome bang we me yed ogen a greyt stoane, un aw'l be hang'd iv aw dident thynk fur owhoile us aw wor dun for; heawsumevur, o chap elp't me op ogen, un aw'd to goo forrud loike o tom cat treydin oppo whott sindurs, un thynks aw to mesel, e this us th' rode us they gwon to Persha, aw'l stop owhome till aw get sum gradely English lethur o me shune. But aw wor towd

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fur to treyde sum sond hinto um, un they wern raythur bettur iv oathur. They sen us that Go-to-persha koms fro th' Indis, un runs eawt uv o tree; it's verri quare, isent it?

Th' next us aw seed wor o lott o peeanus. Eh! wat o rook on um ther wor e diferunt plazus ith Eggshibishun, un sum on um, aw wor towd, fot us mich us too hundurth ginneys; sum stok o brass, that is. Ther wor sum greyt orgins, too, us big evuri bit us those they han e chappils un churchus. Wen aw seed o mon blowin th' ballis o won on

um, aw unbethaut me obeawt o lad us wonst went too o church, un E geet sumweere us E cud see im us blow'd, but noane ov im us play'd, un wen E geet whome ogen, E towd his muthur us hoo shud o bin there fur te see th' fun, fur E seed o chap pumpin musik eawt ev o greyt cubbart.

Aw seed o lott o lektrifyin masheens, un magik lanthrums, un O maks o pokit bukes; un then aw seede o littu&l fountun us foke wor howdin ther hankichers undur, un aw ax'd o mon wat they wor weetin um e that rede for? O, E sed, it's o fountun uv O-de-Kolone, un they dippen ther hankichers in fur to smel at. Wel, aw sed, then aw'l av o doo; un aw wor reychin me nose duster too it, wen o mon koed eawt, It's onli fur ladies, Sur. Wel,

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but, aw sed, yo mun just let me av o saup, fur yo knone aw'v o noze us wele us thame, un aw nevr yerd o that mak o stuf ofore, us aw kno on. Besoide, aw komn O th' way fro Rachde, un aw pade me shillin, un shudent loike fur to mis naut; un e yo han it to sel, aw's appen be o kustumer, oathur neaw ur sumtoime elze, fur aw'v o bit ov o noshun o gettin wed sum toime. We that E lafft, un just let me bob won kornur o me hankicher in, un, bith mon, iv aw dident smel O day loike o posey, us ladis dun, aw did fur shure. Sune aftur that aw koome to sum kannuns un guns, un sum quare maks o thyngs koed barometurs. Aw'd loike to furgetten fur to tel yo us won o those orgins us aw bin roitin obeawt ad foive theawsun poipes in. Whoo'd o thaut it? O bit fur on, aw seed sich o creawd o foke stonnin ith frunt ov o greyt glas kase, but aw cuddent get fur to luke, ther wor so many foke there. Heawsumevur, ut last ov o, aw geet raythur eawt o tempur loike, we watchin so lung un loysin so mich toime, un so aw sed too o poleese, Am aw to ston stayrin heere O da loike o foo, un see naut, wen aw pade me shillin us wele us thame? But dident E may um kut ther stiks e fyne style! E koed eawt, Moove on, ladis, moove on, un aw crom'd mesel forrud e no toime; un, eh! wat o seet aw did but see—sich splendashus thyngs us aw nevr noather seed nur yerd tel on ofore, un they'rn O made o silvur un gowd. Aw seed th' shap o th' Duke o Wellintun oppo orsebak, un Bonypart saime loike, un grand silvur trays, un dishus, un taypots; eh!

mony o skore o thyngs o that mak, un o silvur kamil, we o mon howdin it we o pese o silvur bant—im made o silvur too. Un then aw koome ton onuther kase saime loike, grandur iv oathur, nur th' tuther, un sum stok o foke ther wor lukin at um—so mony, whol aw cuddent get close too um. Thynks aw to mesel, it ul doo noane fur me to kepe waytin heere, but O ut wonst aw unbethaut me wat th' poleese ad sed, un we that aw koed eawt, Neaw, moove on, ladis un gentulmen, un, bith mon, iv aw dident shuv mesel forrud in o crak. Won chap luk't raythur pottert us ud laust his spot, wen E fund it eawt us it wor nobbut me us koed eawt, un noane o poleese; saime toime, wat did aw kare? it wor evuri mon fur hissel, un aw wor reet enuf wen aw geet hinto th' spot us E laft. To maw thynkin, ther arldy evur wor us mich

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silvur un gowd e won plaze Otogethur, nobbut e Solomon tempul, us Skriptur tels on. Eh! wat o lott, fur shure.

Aw wor gettin tyert neaw, un so aw keawert me deawn e won kornur uth galury, to luke ut th' foke, un see um gooin eawt un komn in, fur they wern dooin bwoth O th' day oer, nobbut they'rn raythur thrunger gooin eawt ut neet, wen it wor givin oer toime; but o deyle on yo ul kno obeawt that, aw dar sa. O mon koome un keawert hissel osoide o me, un startud heytin sum brade un chees, un suppin summut eawt uv o bottul, but wat it wor, wur naut to me us aw kno on, saime toime it smelt vastli loike sum mak o tostikatin likker. Thynks aw to mesel, yo'r meterly loike o Rachde chap, owd felley, un aw detarmint fur to get to kno weere E koome fro, iv aw cud. Aw waytud whol E swollud o greyt pese o brade un chees us made his chops ston eawt welley loike o foote bo, un aw sed, This us o grand consarn, maistur, isent it? E sed, It's grandest seet us evur aw seed e maw loife, un aw'm sury fur to lev it, but aw'm beawn fur't goo whoame to morn. E sed, Dun yo see weere that watur fizzus op— aw meyn th' krystil fountun? Aw sed, Ah, aw doo. Wel, E sed, that owd chap us stons there, we leet-cultr breechus un leggins on, us maw fatthur, un E's beawn fur't goo bak we me; we koome togethur, bwoth on us. Aw sed to im, Aw say? un E sed, Wat dus t' sa? Waw, aw sed,

aw'l bet thee sixpennurth o veyle pye us aw con gues weere bwoth thee un thee fatthur komn fro. Dun we thee, E sed. Wel, then, aw sed, to kom tuth poynt, yo'r Bowtun trotturs. Heaw the dikons cud yo foind that eawt, E sed; un E stayrt ut me loike o stikt shepe. Waw, aw sed, aw noed in o minnit wen aw yerd thee tauk obeawt wattur un fatthur. Aw sed, Aw'm o Rachde felley, mon, un we're meterly fause theree, aw'l warrunt te. We'n o deyle o skoos weere foke con get larnin, bwoth warty skoos un Sunda skoos. Let's see, aw sed, ther's Littlewud skoo, un Atkinson's skoo, un th' Church skoo, un th' Moss skoo, un Peepul's Hinstitute skoo, weere Mestur Wels teychus—eh! E's o clewur chap, is that felley; un then, besoide O thesee, we'n lotts o threpuny skoos, un nobbut luke wat o rook o Sunda skoos we han. Neaw, aw sed, aw'l tel thee heaw fur to foind eawt Berry foke—un that's noane so far

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fro Bowtun, theaw noes. Wen ther taukin obeawt o chap gooin ony weere, they olis sen, E's beawn fur't goo, un they axin im e this rode, Weere ar't beawn fur't goo? Neaw, aw sed, theaw mun heyte that sixpennurth o veyle pye us aw wun on thee thesel, un aw'l gie thee that tuther larnin us aw towd thee on, in uth bargin. Aw ax'd im iv ther wor o deyle o foke komn fro Bowtun tuth Greyt Eggshibishun, un E sed ther wor o deyle. Won chap, E sed, us koome op o dooin summut obeawt masheenury, wor so plest whol E sent fur his faythur un muthur, us wor bwoth oboone seventi yer owd; un E sed, sum foke wer so plest fur to see th' owd kraturs gooin fur to av o bit ov o seet o Lundun whol they geet sum musishuners fur to pla um op tuth ralerode, un seet um hoff in o grandish mak ov o style. They seden, wen they ad o seet o Lundun, it ud sarve um fur to tauk obeawt wen they geet owd foke—nobbut thynk o that, un they'rn oboone seventi yer owd then. Aw wonst yerd ov o owd chap us liv'd sumweere obeawt Rachde, us ad thre uy his lads livvin we im. Noane on um ad nevr bin wed, un th' yungist on um ud turnt seventi yer owd. So won da, thesee thre chaps gatud o foin eawt, un th owd felley went too um un gan um o gud blowin op, un sed, Yo yung kubs, wat wod yo be at? Fyne kubs, thoose, wernt they? Ello! this Bowtun chap koed eawt, un aw sed, Wat art te

elloin at? Waw, E sed, dun yo see o mon komin eawt o Chiney, o fresh-lukin chap? Ah, aw sed, aw doo; un o dasunt-lukin felley E is, ses aw. Wel, E sed, aw'l bet yo sixpunze us yo dunnut kno whoo E is? Aw sed, Aw dar sa theaw wil; un aw sed, Aw'l bet thee o shillin us aw'l foind o theawsun foke heere, un theaw winnut kno nevir o mon jak on um. But, aw sed, whoo is that chap us theaw's bm showin me? O, E sed, it's Mestur Grene, o lonlort fro Bowtun; aw knone im mony o yer. Wel, aw sed, is E o trottin soart uv o chap, ur heaw? Waw, E sed, E's o dasunt mak uv o chap, verri, un has sum noice lassus. But, aw sed, aw mun be gooin, mon, un theaw mun gie maw respekts to thee owd faythur yon, un tel im us aw wish ini wele, fur O us aw dunnut kno im eggsaktly. Aw seet hoff un laft im, but aw turnt mesel bak ogen, un aw sed, Aw'l tel thee wat. Un E sed, Wat has ta getten fur t' sa? Aw sed too im, Theaw munnut be mad, neaw, ut wat aw'm beawn fur to sa, but yo Bowtun

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foke ur th' biggest foos us aw kno on. E sed, Dus t' meyn fur t' sa us aw'm o foo? bekose e theaw dus----. Stop o bit, mon, aw sed, un yer wat aw'm beawn fur to sa, ur elze theawl be missin thee rode, mon. Aw want noane to fo eawt we thee, saime toime aw tel thee ogen us yo'r o parsil o foos un nowmuns e Bowtun ut tis presunt toime. Aw dunnut sa us yo'n olis bin so, but, bith mon, it is so neaw. Wel, E sed, but aw want fur t' kno wat we'r foos for? Wel, aw sed, aw'l tel thee, nobbut av o bit o payshuns. Luke wat yo'n dun; aw tel thee ogen us yo mun be foos, fur th' kuntry cuddent be carrid on iv uther foke diden us yo dun e Bowtun. E sed, Wat the hangmun dus ta kepe koin us foos for, 'beawt tellin me wat it's oer? Wel, aw sed, e theaw'l nobbut giv oer o thee gausterin, aw'l let thee yer. Luke wat yo'n dun; yo'n sent tuth Parleyment too chaps, won's o Raddikil un tuther's o Tori—won gwos to undoo wat tuther dus; un iv evuri plaze did saime loike, we shud be O ut o ston stil, mon. Luke ut us e Rachde, aw sed; we olis senden o gradely Raddikil tuth Parleyment Heawse, us ul doo summut fur th' poor foke; obut wonst we mist it, wen o Tori geet in, but we dident don that o purpus. Neaw, aw sed, wen theaw gets whoame ogen, gie maw respekts to Bowtun foke, un tel

um us sich loike trottin ul doo noane—it winnut, mon, aw tel thee ogen. E wor beawn fur to sa summut, but aw laft im, un us aw wor gooin, aw sed, Neaw, goo to thee fatthur, mon. Ther uset fur to be o rook o foke oppo Bowtun-moore us wor koed Belgiuns, chaps us wr olis reddy fur ony mak o ruff wark, gradely kossuks they wern, aw bin towd, un wen ther wor aut to don e Bowtun, et lukshun toimes, ur ony toime elze, they'd O kom deawn we stiks un sich loike, fretenin foke welley eawt o ther wits. But aw gues they darnut doo so neaw, fur they'n o lott o sodiers sumweere obeawt there neaw, saime loike us we han e Rachde---yomunre, aw meyn, we red quots, un guns, un swerds. Aw yerd us sum on um koome oer tuth sodier bawl us ther wor tuther neet ith Publik Hall, un they sen us o deyle o sodiers us wor doancin there nevir gan oer til th' faktury foke wor gooin to ther wark ith mornin—arder wark, to maw thynkin, nur ony feightin us they'n ad fur to doe so fur. But aw mun drop it, fur

Th' Sixt Chaptur's to lung Oreddy.

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CHAPTUR SEVENT.

Obeawt wat aw seed moore ith Krystil Palus.—Seein Mestur Ormurt un his woife.—Th' last seet uth Greyt Eggshibishun.—Seein Billy Mills's Iad.—Koin ut o okshun reawm, un loike fur to bin chettud.—Geet thik we o chap us turnt eawt o arrunt raskul.—Obeawt o terrubul consarn, we bein throttelt eawt uv o suverin, un bein taen ofore o Justis us did no justis ut O.

WEN aw laft that Bowtun chap, aw went forruds, un aw kept gooin furst hinto won plaze un then hinto onuther, whol aw thaut aw nevir shud ha done; un us aw towd yo ofore, aw shud be o foo iv aw haus'd fur to roite deawn obeawt O us aw seed; besaide, ther's o deyle o bukes bein printud we foke us ur ure fur larnt nur me, us ul tel yo O obeawt it, un mis naut, aw dar sa. Heawsumevur, ther's just o tuthre moore thyngs us aw mun insens yo hinto ofore aw giv oer. Aw seed sum loife-botes, un sum beds we naut but wynte in, us wor bloan ful, just mete saime us o mon bloase o bleddur op. Those beds wor fur foke to tak to th' sa, to save um, iv aut appent, fro bein dreawnt. Un then aw seed summut welley loike laddurs, koed “foire ‘scapes;” they'rn fur to put

op ogen heawsus us wor ofoire, fur th' foke to get eawt we. Aw seed sum saime loike e Lundun stretes won neet, stonnin there reddy iv ony boddi wantud um, fur ther's welley o foire evuri neet e Lundun, sumweere. Foke mun be karlis, to maw thynkin, fur we'r welley o twelvmun, mony o toime, e Rachde, beawt avin o foire — nobbut those we han fur get us dinnurs we, un sich loike. Us aw wor gooin deawn th' stares ogen, whoo shud aw see but Mestur Ormurt un his woife, lethur-sellur. E noed me, un aw noed im, un E ax'd me heaw aw wor, un sich loike, un wen aw koome fro Rachde, un wat aw thaut uth Eggshibishun, un weere aw stay'd O neet at, un heaw aw koome, un wich rode aw wor gooin bak, un iv aw'd evur bin e Lundun ofore; bith mon, E kept me gooin fur to onsur im, welley us fast us ony wummun cud tauk. His faythur un maw faythur wor

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bwoth Methodis, un us thik us inkle weyvurs. Let's see—aw thynk im un Doktor Cotes, un Mestur Sam Yep, O wed thre sisturs, iv aw'm noane mistaen. Doktor Cates livs e Lundun neaw; o chap us aw kno seed im there. Aw gues foke wanten fisikin theree saime us they dun e uther spots. Eh! ther mun be sum stok o pills un stuf taen theree, sich o rook o foke us ther is.

Wen aw'd bid im gud da, aw went hinto wat they koen the mane havenue, un wen aw'v tow'd yo obeawt tuthre moore thyngs us aw seed theree, aw shol finish maw okeawnt o bwoth wat aw seed un yerd ith Greyt Eggshibishun. Won terrubul consarn us aw seed war th' shap o too chaps tein o felley fast appo o wyld orse. It wor koed Mazeppo Eh! it war sum wele dun. But wat o consarn it mut be fur that chap wen th' orse wor let lose we im festent oppo it bak. Eh! it wod gallup sum. It wor wur nur hangin o chap, to maw thynkin.

Nesht us aw seed wor koed "The happi chylt." It wor keawert deawn oppo it baksoide, un wor p'tayin we o littul Punsh, obeawt th' mikel ay o bottul o Massakur oyle, un sum p'lest th' littul cratur luk't. Osoide o that wor onuther, koed "The unhappi chylt," un it wor playin we o littul drum, un wor cryin bekose it ud sent th' drum-stik

thru won end uth drum. Eh! heaw natteruble it wor, fur shure. Aw luk't at it whol aw welley thaut us aw cud yer it cry. Th' nesht us aw koome too, war too childer oppo orsebak, un o Hindiun pooin o arro eawt ev his leg, us sum raskul ud fyert hinto im; un then th' Babes ith Wud, un lotts moore us aw dar sa yo'n kare naut mich obeawt. Un so neaw aw startud fur to kom eawt, un lev th' Krystil Palus un O those foine thyngs us aw bin hausin te tel yo obeawt; un aw wor raythur deawnkest wen aw thaut us aw shud nevir see um ogen—but wat mut be, aw gues, mut be, un so aw cuddent elp mesel. Aw koed us aw wor gooin eawt to av o last seet uth greyt dimun un th' krystil fountun, un then aw turnt me bak oppo won uth grandet seats us evur aw mun clap maw een on, aw'm shure. Wen aw geet eawt, aw fund th' stretes us thrung us evur. Heawsumevur, aw seet hoff o seein wat ther war ith teawn, un aw hadent gwon fur, ofore aw seed Billy Mill's lad, us livs e Drake-strete. His faythur sels news un sich loike. E wor nockin oway loike o gud un, omung o greyt lott o foke,

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un E stayrt obeawt im us iv E wor takkin stok ov O Lundun, un sum gloppent E luk't. Aw dar sa E'd av o vast seete o news, o won mak ur onother, fur to tel his faythur wen E geet whome ogen to Rachde.

When aw geet thru Trafalgur Square, aw seed o mon stonnin ut o shop dur, koin o foke fur to goo hinto o okshun reawm, un E sed they'rn sellin hoff verri chep. So aw went in, un stode omung o greyt rook o foke, just fur to watch ther gooins on, fur aw wantud naut, not aw. Aw geet thik we o chap us wor stonnin there, us aw thaut wor o dasunt felley, fur E wor clen un wele drest, verri; but wen yo foinden eawt o bit fur on wat mak ov o chap E wor, yo'n be sum gloppent, aw kno, fur E wor won uth grandist raskuls us evur geet hinto o pare o breechus. Aw'd getten on so wele so fur, whol aut obeawt pikpokits un sich loike nevir koome hinto maw yed, wen aw wor taukin to that greyt raskul ov o rapskallion skeawndril thefe, us aw'm beawn fur to tell yo on ofore lung. This powsedurt koome op to me ith okshun reawm, un nudg'd me we his hond, un wen aw turnt mesel too im, E put his meawth klose to me, un sed E didnt want

onyboddi fur to yer im, but aw mut tak kare o me brass e theese okshun reawms. Aw sed, Aw'm obleeght to yo, aw'm shure, but aw'v nobbut o suverin pese e me pokit, besoide obeawt o shihin 'urth o brass. Wel, E sed (skeawndril us E wor), I've put o soverin e me meawth, were I thynk it ul be saif enuf. Wel, aw sed, that's wele thaut on, Maistur, un aw'l doo th' saime. So aw crom'd me gowd hinto me meawth, just mete saime us o cheaw o bacco. Sune aftur aw'd dun that, aw wor watchin th' okshuneere sellin o verri splendashus chylt's frok, un sum chap bid twenti shillin for't, un th' okshuneere luk't ut me, un sed, Thank u, Sir,—twenti un sixpunze is bid. Thynks aw to mesel, yo'n naut fur to thank me for, us aw kno on. Heawsumevur, aw yerd im in o whoile nok th' chylt's frok hoff fur twenti un sixpunze, un, bith mon, ith chap us wor waytin on im dident bring it to me, un ax'd me fur th' brass. Aw thaut aw'm noane beawn fur to be dun, fur aw'l be buttert iv ony on um con tel weere me gowd is, un so aw sed, Wat dus te bring thee chylt's frok to me for? O, E sed, you're the last biddur. Am aw be hang'd us loike, aw sed, aw'm noane wed, mon, un wat mun aw doo we o chylt's frok? So then th'

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okshuneere koed eawt, It's yours, Sir,—u gave me o nod, and konsequently it was nock'd down to u. Aw sed, Aw tel yo ogen aw'l ha naut to doo we't. Am aw to pay fur o chylt's frok evuri toime us aw nod me yed? aw sed; aw thynk yo dunnut kno weere aw kom fro. Heawsumevur, too ur thre chaps us stoode there sed us they'd sin me bid, un they'rn fur mayin me ha th' frok whethur ur not, un aw seed us they'rn O rogues ov o lump, un aw wor detarmin'd aw woddent be dun. Aw sed, Yo con drop yor gausterin us sune us yo loiken, fur aw nevr bid naut, noathur we noddin me yed, nur oppenin me meawth, un iv yo getten ony brass fro me, aw dunnut kom fro Rachde; besoide, aw sed, aw nobbut getten fifteenpens e me pokit, un E that chylt's frok mun be moine, aw mun av it oppo tryste, that's O. Aw noed us aw'd sum gowd e me meawth, but aw wor noane sich o foo us to tel thame. Aw seed neaw us aw wor to mony for im, so wen E thaut us

aw'd no brass, E dropt it, un sed us aw wor no gentulmun. Aw sed, Wel, aw'm noane beawn fur to fo eawt we yo oppo that questin,

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saime toime aw kno sumboddi, aw dar sa, us thynks us aw'm us mich ov o gentulmun us yo, evuri bit; but, aw sed, aw'l tel yo wat, nesht toime us yo hausen fur to umbug onyboddi, just ax um e they komn fro Rachde, fur e they dun, yo'l may naut on um, yo may depend. E startud then un unloast sum mak o pots, us wor teede op we clewkin un pappur, un E sed, Now, me man, wil u bid at this? here's o bargin for yo. Aw sed, Thoos ur naut e maw rode, mon, fur they'r to britchil fur me, e yo'n ant ut's chep un lennok, aw's appen av o bit ov o doo we yo. E ax'd me wat aw meynt we sayin lennok. Aw sed, Waw, yo met nevir o bin tuth skoo, mon, fur onyboddi, weere aw kom fro, noes us lennok meyns thamp, un aut wat's raythur lennok ur thamp, mun be sauft. Bith man, iv E dident luke us auvish us o gonner, un loike us iv E cudent gawm o bit o gradely English, so aw koome eawt un laft im. That gentulmun us aw'd getten so thik we (raskul, aw shud ko im), went eawt we me, un E sed aw'd bettur kepe me gowd e me meawth whol aw geet thru th' Strand, it wor sich o rode, E sed, fur pikpokits; so aw thankt im, un E shooke honds we me, un aw bid im gud da. Nobbut thynk o that skeawndril uy o hypocryte, — but yo'l yer obeawt im o bit fur on.

Wen aw'd getten obeawt haue o moile fra th' okshun reawm, o lad koome runnin past me, un tumbult ocer o stoane ur summut, us aw thaut, un we foin, E slattert sum haupenies us E ad in his hond, un startud o bellin eawt us iv E'd bin ill puns'd. Aw wor sury fur th'lad, un so aw gaytud o elpin inm fur to gether op his brass. Wen aw'd welley finisht, o man ax'd th' lad iv E'd fund O th' brass us wor laust, un E startud o cryin ogen, un sed us E'd fund it O but o gowd pese us E ad, un, bith mon, iv th' littul powsedurt dident boke his fingur ut me, un sed us aw ad it e me meawth; un E'd no sannur sed that, nur sum chap geet fast howd o me throte we his honds, un welley throttelt me blak ith faze, koin eawt saime toime fur me to drop th' lad's gowd eawt o me meawth. Aw noed wele, us aw'd naut e me meawth but wat belong'd to mesel, but

wat cud aw doo? Aw wor beawn to be throttel't to dyeth fur aut us aw noed, so aw oppent me meawth, un eawt koome me suverin oppo th' floore. Eh! wat o arrunt raskul uy o thefe, fur shure. Whoo dun yo thynk it wor us ud

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bin howdin me throte? Waw, wen aw koome te mesel, bith mon, iv aw dident see us it wor th' saime rapskallion us aw'd getten thik we ith okshun reawm. Eh! wat o skampt! E disarv't hangin twice oer. Th' wurst uv O wor, us wen th' foke seed th' gowd drop eawt o me meawth, they'rn welley fit to poo me e peesus, un sed wat o rog aw mut be fur te want te steyle th' lad's brass e that rode. Aw tow'd um ogen un ogen, us it wer me oan suverin, un aw sed, that skeawndril us ud throttel't me wor th' verri chap us hadvis't me fur to put it hnto me meawth, us noboddi met steyle it; un aw sed, Aw dunnut kno wat yo thynken, but aw ko it no joak fur to ay me gowd stewn, un be koed o rogue in uth bargin we o lott o nowmuns loike yo. But, aw sed, aw'm noane beawn te be dun, yo'l see; un we that, aw tow'd o poleese us koome ap, O obeawt it, un heaw aw'd bin throttel't eawt uv o suverin us aw'd worch'd ard for, ofore aw laft Rachde. Wy, th' poleese sed, this gentulmun ses it belongs th' boy. Waw, aw sed, that chap us yo koen o gentulmun us won uth arruntis raskuls us evur geet hinto o pare o shune, un aw con prove it too. Wel, E sed, u must all go with me; un oway we O wenten, un o krawd o foke aftur us, un in o whoile we koome to sum plaze us we went hinto, un op sum stayres, til we koome too o greyt reawm we o rook o foke in, un o mon sittin in o cheer, lukin us fause us o skoomaistur. Th' poleese tow'd im wat E'd sin un yerd, un then E turnt to me un ax'd wat aw ad fur to sa; un aw sed, Aw gues yo'r o justis, iv yo plez? Wy, E sed, I'hl try te doo u justis, my man. New, tel us wat u hav to say. So aw tow'd im us aw'd komn fro Rachde to see th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un O obeawt gettin thik we that chap ith okshun reawm, un wat E'd hadvis't me fur to doo, un heaw th' saime mon ud elpt that lad fur te steyle me suverin; un, aw sed, e yo dun justis ut tis toime, aw shol lev this spot we that brass e me pokit, us thoose raskuls un getten. We that, E ax'd that gentulmun thefe wat E ad fur to say, un aw'l be hang'd ith villun dident say us E'd nevir sin me ofore noweere, un us E noathur noed me nur th' lad. Aw sed, E's lvin,

Mestur Justis, E is, fur shure, yo may depend, un E's naut but o arrunt thefe, us shure us aw'm stonnin ofore yo. Stop my man, E sed, u must be silunt. I'm afrayd I can doo nothing for u. Wat. aw sed, connut

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yo ordur im fur to gie me that gowd bak us E's stown? But, E sed, the boy ses it belongs te im; hav u any one that saw u put the gold in your mowth? Te be shure, aw sed, that chap there bwoth seed me un hadvis't me fur to doo it. So E ax'd im iv it wor so, un th' lyin powsedurt sed us E nevir seed me ofore, noweere. Wel, aw sed, aw wondur us E's noane feyrd o bein struken dyed, fur E noes us E's o lyin thefe, us shure us yo'r o justis. Wel, E sed, I'm sorri I can doo nothing for u, my man; I'm afrayd u've faulen tute bad hands, and I'm verri sorri. Un so am aw, aw sed, but sich loike justis dulent disaktly shute me, un it's noane sich us wod o hin dun e Rachde, iv aw'd braut that thefe ofore oathur Willium Chedik, ur Clemunt; fur oathur o those ud o made that skeawndril potter eawt maw suverin, aw kno they woden, urelze E'd o bin sent te Manchesstur Nu Baiey. We O koome eawt neaw; un wen aw geet hinto th' strete, aw turnt mesel reawnd, o purpus fur to ax that waistril ev o thefe, heaw E cud fur shaime

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uv his fazde—un, bith mon, iv bwoth im un th' lad wern't eawt o seet. Eh! they met wele kut ther theevin stiks—mettent they? Shudent aw o drest th' nots hoff um; aw'd o letten um see, iv aw'd nobbut ad o chans o bloin eawt o bit. Eh! wat rogues, fur shure. Un nobbut thynk o me loysin me gowd, un bein taen fur o thefe in uth bargin. Aw shuddent o getten thik we that skamp, shud aw? Aw wor penni wise un pawnd fulish. Aw wor sum deawnkest us aw wor gooin whoame obeawt bein dun so. Aw'd no pluk ut O fur ony moore seet-seein that neet, un so aw went streyt forrud to me lodgins. Un we this okeawnt o that terrubul throttlin konsarn,

Aw'l finish th' Sevent Chaptur.

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CHAPTUR HEIGHT.

Obeawt gooin lo Bukingum Palus, un seein hur grashsus Magestie un Prins Halburt.—Seein Q Gardins, us belong'd to th' Quene's hunkel, th' King o Ann Over, us deed o weke ur too sin.—Obeawt o quare tre koed th' Viktorea Reegia, us aw seed grewin e waytur.—Obeawl bein raythur to mony, fur o chap us aw wor gooin bak, un o lettur us aw geet fro Jinney, un summut else, us yo'l set wen yo komn too it.

Aw finisht op th' last chaptur we tellin yo obeawt that throttlin dooment. Un wen aw geet to Mestur Simun Pike's, un towd im obeawt bein chettud eawt uv o suverin we that lyin feffnecute, E seed us aw wor dun, un E cud sa naut, nobbut us aw mut be moore watchfo, toime fur to kom. Wen aw went to bed, aw wo o lung whoile ofore aw cud fo oslepe, aw wor moydert so we studdyin obeawt that misfortin us aw towd yo on; un wen aw did fo oslepe, aw wor maunderin un dremin welley O neet obeawt pikpokits un rogues. Ith mornin, aw detarmint fur to may th' best on't, bekose they sen, "Wat connut be kewurt mun be enduert." Wen aw'd ad me breykfust, aw went streyt to Bukingum Palus, weere th' Quene livs, un ardlly notist onyboddi oppo th' rode, fur aw'd ad enuf o that mak o wark th' neet ofore, un aw detarmint to kepe mesel to mesel ith futer. Aw seed th' bannur flyin oppo th' top uth Palus, un so aw noed we that, us th' Quene wor owhoame, un aw did so want fur to get o seet on hur. Aw geet fare oeront th' frunt dur, o purpus fur to av o gradely seet. Eh! wat o greyt bildin it is, fur shure. Ther mun be sum stok o foires fur to leet in o mornin. Aw ax'd o sodier us wor waukin obeawt we o gun oppo his shilder, ith Quene wor beawn fur to kom eawt, un E sed hoo wor just gooin tuth Greyt Eggshibishun; un aw went okross th' rode, un aw haddent stoode theree mony minnits, ofore aw seed sum carrigus komin eawt; un so aw pood me hat hoff us sharp us leetenin, un stroak't me ure deawn us snod us evur aw cud. Aw bwoth wantud to see un be sin, un so aw stoode be mesel, un wen hur grashus

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Magestie koome oeront weere aw wor, aw startud o twerlin me hat reawnd me yed, loike o heawse ofoire, un sheawtud, Ello! ello! whol me throte wor welley sore; un bith

mon, iv aw dident see hur nudge Prins Halburt fur to luke, un bwoth on um smylt un nodded ther yeds at me—they diden, fur shure. Eh! aw did fele sum quare, pertiklur wen aw seed un laff; un aw kept twerlin un sheawtin oway, whol hoo'd gotten o hundurth yards hoff, to maw thynkin. Aw wor raythur moydert we seein mesel so klose tuth Quene o Inglun un hur husbun; un wen aw koome to mesel, aw unbethaut me us aw'd made o bit uv o blundur, we koin eawt ello osted uv urra, saime toime it matternaut mich, fur won's us gud us tuther, fur aut us aw kno. Aw'd us lief o follud th' Quene, un gwon ogen hinto th' Krystil Palus, but aw dident loike fur to pay have o krewane, pertiklur us aw'd binm robb'd, us aw towd yo en.

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Next us aw did wor to spir me rode tuth waytur soide, fur to get hinto o steyme pakit, fur to av o roide deawn to wat they koen Q Gardins; un sum plest aw wor oppo th' rode, we thynkin us aw'd sin th' Quene. Aw wor noane so lung we foindin o bote, un hoff we seet deawn wat they koen th' Rivur Tems. Eh! it wor sum uv o way fro won soide tuth tuther. Th' brode waytur e Rachde us o foo too it; un ther wor sum stok o styem pakits sailin op un deawn, welley O on um crom'd we foke enew fur to may um goo oer th' yed. Un they'm o deyle o botes besaide, we naut but koles in, bwoth kob un slek. They han no kolpits obeawt Lundun, they sen, so they mun ha sum stok to fot fro won plaze ur onother, munnut they? Eh! aw did get sum fretent us we'm gooin underneyth won uth brigus; aw wor lukin ut th' reech komin eawt uth top uth chimbley, un O uth suddin, to maw thynkin, it startud o foin disaktly weere aw stoode; bith mon, but aw jumpt loike o Hindiun rubber bo, un wor eawt uth rode e no toime; un sum felleys us wor osoide on me, startud o laffin fit to brast thersels. Aw turnt mesel reawnd fur to see iv ony mischoance ud befoen onyboddi elze, un wat shud aw see but th' verri saime irn chimbley stretchin itsel op ogen to weere aw thaut it ud foen fro Thynks aw to mesel, that's quarist marluk us evur aw seed we o chimbley e maw loife; un so aw went un ax'd o chap obeawt it, un E towd me us th' chimbley wor to lung fur to goo underneyth th' brigus, un so, we turnin o hondel, it deawkt itsel deawn, just mete saime

us o big chap dus wen E has fur to goo thru o littul dur ole. Wernt it verri quare? Aw seed mony o won feyrd us wele us me, furst toime us they'd sin it dun.

Wen aw koome to Q, aw follud th' foke us wor gooin tuth Gardins, un in we O wenten beawt payin aut. Eh! wat o bonny spot, fur shure, un th' gras wor us snod us o mowdewarp skin, un th' wauks un O wor us clen un smoothe us o heawse floore ov o Setterde neet. They'rn so pertiklur whol noboddi wor 'leawd to heyte aut insoide, feyrd us th' crums met deet th' floore; un onyboddi us appent fur to be katcht dooin aut o that mak, wor oathur wele flyted, ur elze turnt eawt. Aw cud tel yo o greyt deyle obeawt o greyt glas heawse, we treese in fro forin parts, un whott heawsus, un sich loike; but aw'v noathur toime

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nur reawm fur to sa aut moore, obut to tel yo obeawt o quare thying us ad o heawse to itsel. It wor koed th' Viktorea Reegia, un koome, us aw wor towd, fro Seawth Omerika; un th' quarist thying uy O wur, us it grew ith botham uy o lott o waytur, un sent it levs op tuth top, un theere they wern, swimmin loike o lott o greyt ponkakes, nobbut they'rn grene. Un so neaw, O us aw getten to sa

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moore obeawt theese Q Gardins is, us iv ony on yo leets fur to goo to Lundun, yo mun be shure fur to goo un see um fur yorsels; un rekillekt us ther's naut to pay. Aw wor towd us theese Gardins, un o heawse us ther is, belang'd to th' King o Ann Over, o hunkel uth Quene's; but E's dyed neaw—E nobbut deed tuthre days sin.

Us we'rn sailin bak ogen to Lundun, aw seed o chap us wot waukin op un deawn th' pakit, kest his een mony o toime oppo me; un thynks aw to mesel, yo'r op to summut noane so gud, owd mon—appen o pikpokit ur onuther thefe, fur aut us aw kno. Us aw wor studdyin wat o greyt waytur it wor us we'rn sailin op, th' saime felley koome osoide o me, un startud o taukin, un aw thaut, theaw'l be fause e theaw gets thik we me, aw kno. Heawsume vur, E sed, It's o butiful day, Sur. Aw sed, Heaw diden yo foind that

eawt? Thynks aw, no moore gettin thik we Lundun foke fur me. Wy, E sed, any won can perseeve that. Waw, then, aw sed, e that kaze, heaw leets yo fur to thynk us aw needud tellin? Aw ko it bwoth loysin toime un wynt. We that, E raythur stayrt o bit, un sed, Oh! In o bit, E try'd it on ogen, un sed, Doo u get hoff ut Lundun brige, Sur? Aw sed, Aw get hoff weere aw giv oer stoppin on. U're rather short, me man, E sed. Ah, aw sed, aw'm o suverin short, but no moore e that loine fur me. Wel, E sed, I'm sorri iv u've met with a loss. Noane haue us sury us me, aw sed; un besoide, aw sed, "sin sorro's noane felt." But, aw sed, aw'l tel yo won thynng, Maistur, un yo munnut be mad at me fur sayin so, but whol aw stop e this kuntry, aw shol olis tay bwoth yo un evuriboddi elze us aw kno naut obeawt, fui bein no bettur nur yo shudden be. Wel, E sed, u're o kewreus mortul. Wat part ay Lundun may u be stayin at? Waw, aw sed, aw'm stayin there weere aw'm stoppin at, fur shure. E wor beawn fur to sa summut, but just ut tis presunt taim th' bote pood op ut o plaze weare E ad fur to get hoff; un us E wor levin, aw koed eawt to im, Aw raythur moore whoite e me een nur yo thynken on, mon; aw con tel o B fra o bul foote, mon, yet. Aw raythur tikkelt sum chaps us stooode there un yerd wat aw sed.

Sune aftur, aw londeed mesel, un seet hoff to Gumshunstrete, fur it wor gettin lat, un aw stopt noweere oppo th' rode, nobbut o littul bit fur to see Punsh un Judy, un sum

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wele it wor dun, fur shure. Wen Mestur Punsh wor nockin Judy's yed we his stik, thynks aw to mesel, aw woddent kare e that chap's yed wor there us chettud me eawt o that suverin, saime toime, aw shuddent o wantud im fur to be kilt, nobbut pown o bit. Mestur Pike wor gwon eawt wen aw geet in, un so aw geet me suppur un went to bed, un we maunderin so, th' neet afore, aw slept loike o top.

Us aw wor gettin me breykfust nesht mornin, Mestur Pike braut me o lettur us ud komn fro sumweere, un aw cuddent fur th' loife on me gaum weere it koome fro. Aw luk't in, furst ut won end un then ut tuther, un aw turnt it oer un oer ogen, un speylt th' direkshuns oer mony o toime, but aw cuddent fur th' loife on me gaum weere it koome

fro; so, ut last uy O, aw kut it oppen un undubelt it, un whoo dun yo thynk it shud be fro, but Jinney hursel. Eh! aw wor sum gloppent un fane too, un aw'l just tel yo wat they'm in. It startud e this rode :—

Pim Ole-strete,
Rachde.

Maw Dere Bob,

Theese fu loines koms hoppin fur to foind thee wele un harti, us they leven me ut tis presunt toime, thank God for it. Eh! aw wor sum plest this mornin fur to get o lettur fro thee, un aw nevir wor so gloppent e maw loife us aw wor wen aw yerd us theaw'd bin ith Parleyment Heawse. O mon dusent kno wen E koms hinto th' wurd, wat E may leet to get op too afore E dees—dus E? It wod nevir o hentert hinto maw yed, nur thyne noathur, wonst uv o day, us evur theaw'd o gwon to Lundun ut O, un sa naut obeawt th' Parleyment Heawse. Aw'm wele plest us theaw loikes ut Mestur Pike's; un thee muthur ses us theaw mun tak kare o those foriners us theaw towd obeawt e thaw lettur. Aw shol be sum fane fur to yer thee tel obeawt wat theaw's sin we gooin to Lundun, un moore pertiklur wen we getten hinto o heawse uv us oane. Theaw ses e thaw lettur, us it ul noane be thaw faut iv its lung ofore, un, aw'm shure, iv it ul be onyboddi's faut, it ul be noane o moine. Thee muthur ses us aw mun tel thee us th' owd soo's ferried height littul pigs, un us Joan

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o Rutchut's laust his shop last weke we gettin drunken. Wat o foo! isent E? Aw bin nittin thee o pare o stokins, un they'n be reddy be theaw koms whome ogen nesht weke. Aw baut mesel o nu bonnit, but aw welley getten it hinto me yed, us aw shannut put it on ofore theaw noes wen, un theaw ses it ul noane be lung afore. Theaw mun tak kare us noboddi steyles naut on thee, fur we'n sin it ith news us o deyle o foke un ad ther brass stown. Thee muthur ses us theaw'd bettur put thee gowd e thee watch fob. Jim ses us E'd o loik't wele enuf fur to bin we thee; but E ses us aw mun tel thee, iv evur theaw

leets fur to av us mony childur us im, us theaw'l av wark enuf fur to luke ut thee oan eggshibishun owwhoame, beawt gooin to Lundun. It ul be toime enuf wen it koms fur to thynk so—winnut it? Aw getten Billy o Jim's fur to roite this lettur, bekose theaw sed us theaw'd loike fur to yer fro me. Un so no moore ut presunt fro hur us ul be thyne us lung us hoo's koed

JINNEY.

Yo sin us Jinney nevr geet it hinto hur yed—heaw cud hoo?—wen hoo gan me that cawshus, us aw'd bin dun Oreddy eawt uv o suverin, we that gentulmun thefe, un that waystril uv o lad; but aw'l bother yo no moore abeawt that konsarn, aw'l drop it, fur it met o bin wor, mettent it?

Us aw'v dun we th' Eggshibishun neaw, aw'l just tel yo wat aw sin ith news sin aw geet whoame, un sin th' Eggshibishun wor shut ap; un yo'l see wat o stok o brass ther's hin getten, eh! wat o deyle, fur shure. They'm fore hundurth peawnd getten we haupennis un pennis fur foke weshin ther honds, un too theawsun fore hundurth un twenti-seven peawnd fur wat th' pappur koed “hessenshul konveniunsus,” un wat those wor, aw kalkilate us yo noane us wele us me. Wel, then, they'rn height hundurth un thurti-won peawnd thre un thrippunze getten we naut but o chap takkin kare o foke's umbrels un stiks. Th' mon us ad 'freshment reawm gan foive theawsun foive hundurth peawnd, fur lev to sel veyle pyes un pop, un sich loike. E met wele ax sixpunze fur sich littul bits, mettent E, un sel his pop so mich dar nur they dun e Rachde? Wel, then, they geet ut th' durs, gooin in brass, us koome to too hundurth un seventi-foive theawsun peawnd, O e

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silvur, evuri haupenni on't, un they'rn heighti-won theawsun peawnds taen ut th' durs e naut but gowd, un us mich bad brass us koome Otogethur to noinety peawnd. Ther mun ha sum stok o skeawndrils gwon in, fur O that bad brass to be pade.

Theese tuthre pertiklurs us aw gan yo neaw, ul finish op O us aw av fur to sa obeawt th' Eggshibishun un th' Krystil Palus, un fur o chap loike me, we noane have us mich

larnin us sum foke han, to maw thynkin, aw dun meterly wele, saime toime aw dar sa us mony o won us reeds maw “ful, tru, un pertikler okeawnt,” ul be foindin faut we summut, but us aw towd yo ut startin, “Englun hexpekts evuri mon fur to doo is duti,” un aw bin tryin fur to doo moine, un e foke win foind faut, let um, that’s wat aw getten fur to sa.

It war Setterde mornin wen aw geet me lettur fro Jinney, un wen aw’d gwon thru it twice, un lapp’d it op ogen, aw startud hoff fur to see wat they koen th’ “Tems Tunnil.” Wat aw seed oppo th’ rode, yo’l nevr kno, bekose aw’s nevr tel noathur yo nur noboddi elze, fur aw seed naut us yo’d lam aut we, iv yo’rn towd. Wen aw koome to th’ Tunnil, aw went deawn o greyt rook o steps til aw koome tuth botham, un then aw gues aw wor underneyth th’ waytur, un we that bein e maw yed O th’ whoile, aw cudent Otogethur saddle mesel, fur aw seed wele enuf ith waytur wor fur to brast thru, aw shud be dun for, un it wod o bin o bonny konsamn, iv aw’d o gan o penni fur to get dreawnt. Th’ Tunnil wor leetud we gas, un they’rn stonnins in fur foke to sel stuf at, un to maw thynkin, it wor just mete saime us wauikin thru o lung styem pon we leets hin. Aw bin towd us it kost six hundurth un foretene theawsun peawnd—o bonny seet o brass that, fur borin o ole underneyth th’ waytur fur foke to wauk thru ut o penni opese.

Fro there aw went ramblin obeawt til aw koome to wat they koed Madum Tussawds, un aw went op sum stayres, un wen aw’d pade me shillin, hin aw went, un eh! wat o seet, fur shure—Kings un Quenes be wholsale, un they fare glittert ogen. We bein raythur tyert, aw seete mesel deawn oppo o shet oeronent o rook o foine figgers, osoide uv o owd gray yedded chap we o leet-culurt quot on, us wor stayrin at um loike o gud un. Thynks aw to

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mesel, th’ owd felley mun nevr o bin e sich o spot us this ofore, E luk’t so gloppent. Aw sed to im, This is o grand konsarn, Mestur, iv yo plez, but E stayrt oway un nevr

sed naut. Onuther mon us wor nesht to me utb tuther soide sed, U must speke op, me man, the oad gentulmun's o littul def. Aw sed, O, is E? but aw'l may im yer, yo's see, un aw koed eawt raythur leawd, Dunnut yo thynk us this us o grand konsarn? But E stayert oway, un seet there us quoite us o meawse. Just then, aw seed tuthre foke laffin, un kestin ther een obeawt weere aw wor, un o mon tutcht me shilder un sed, The old man's wax-wurk, Sur. Aw sed, Nevur, fur shure! Aw gan im o gradely

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wor owd Billy Kobbitt, fur aw noed im we wonst yerin im lektur e Rachde. It wor ith Unitayriun Chappil, un aw rekillekt verri wele us his kanduls wantud snuffin, un o chap koed eawt ith gallury us they'm o pare o snuffers osoide on im, un Billy geet howd on um, un made us laff we sayin, Aw gues o politikul parsun mun snuf his oan kanduls. E wor o funny owd dog, wor Bily, wen E'd o moind. Sum uth figgers wor unkommun natterul, moore pertiklur thoose us turnt ther yeds reawnd, un heaw that wor dun aw connut gaum fur th' loife on me. Wen aw geet tuth fur end, o chap ax'd me iv aw'd goo hinto th' chaimbur o orrors. Aw sed, Wat han yo e that orrubul chaimbur us yo koen it? Wy, E sed, o number ov the biggest skoundrils that evur liv'd. Nay, aw sed, yo'r mistaen there, mon, fur ther's won rapskallion us yo shudden av in ofore th' reawm ul be gradely fit op e that loine, o biggur thefe, to maw thynkin, nur ony us yo han there. Whoo's that? E sed. Waw, aw sed, o villun ov o powedurt ov o thefe, us rogued me eawt ov o suverin tuther day; heawsumevur, aw sed, aw'l av o bit ov o pepe at um, un aw wor gooin in, but E koed eawt, Ther's sixpunze to pay. Noane fur me, aw sed, aw'd o gin o shillin rathur nur o sin that thefe us aw towd yo on, un aw'm noane sich o foo us to gie yo sixpunze fur to see have o duzzen sich loike, un we that aw turnt mesel reawnd ogen, un wen aw'd luke't ut th' whacks-wurk kraturs whol aw wor tyert aw went streyt whoame to Mestur Pike's. It wor Setterde neet, un aw thaut aw'd get in o bit suner fur wonst.

It's no use me tellin yo us aw went to bed un geet op th' nesht mornin, aw towd yo that so many toimes oer, un so aw'l start we tellin yo, us wen aw'd ad me breykfust, aw

startud eawt o seechin oathur o church ur o chappil, fur aw wor olis o chap us nevir rambuit obeawt mich uv o Sunde, fur naut gud nevir koms o that mak o wark. Us aw wor gooin op th'Strand, aw seed o rook o greyt foke gooin hinto o plaze, un o poleese towd me us it wor koed Hexetur All, un E sed they'rn beawn fur to be sarvis in, un so aw went op o greyt rook o stayres, un wen aw geet hinto th' dur ole, eh! wat o seet aw did see—they'rn hunhurths un theawsunds o foke. Aw geet show'd too o shet, un th' orgin play'd, un we O startud o singin eawt o hittul

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himbukes us wor put ith shets o purpus, un it wor sum grand, fur shure, it wor bettur nur evur aw yerd ut o singin day onyweere obeawt Rachde. Th' Skriptur wor red, un th' preychur pray'd, un wen we'd dun singin ogen, aw yerd won uth best sarmuns, to maw thynkin, us evur koome eawt uv o mon's meawth, un aw loik't so wele whol aw went ogen uth neet, un tuke Mestur Pike we me. Aw shud o towd yo moore obeawt th' preychur, but aw'm short o reawm, fur yo noane verri wele, us it ul doo noane fur me to crom to mich hinto maw buke fur th' brass, fur iv aw doo, aw shol be koed o nobstik we those us roites bukes loike aw doo.

Aw'd o deyle o tauk we Mestur Pike, us we'rn avin us poipes uth Sunde neet, fur aw wor beawn fur to lev im ith mornin, un met nevir see im ogen, un aw towd im iv evur E koome to Rachde aw'd show im uth Church Steps, un Tim Bobbin's grave-stoane, un th' brode waytur, un sich loike. Nesht mornin, aw startud hoff to th' ralerode, un

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we did goo ut sum uv o rattul; heawsumevur, aw geet saife bak to Rachde uth Munde neet. Jinney wo watchin for me uth ralerode, un aw gan hur o bit uv o smeawch, un oway we jogg'd to Pim Ole strete, un hoo wor us fane fur to see me us aw wor fur to see hur; un me ow'd muthur, bles hur, wor us plest us iv hoo hadent sin me fur o twelmun. Aw'l warrunt yo we'n ad sum stok o diskours obeawt wat a seed un yerd we gooin tuth Greyt Eggshibishun e Lundun, un welley evuri day ther's summut koms hinto me yed



The Salamanca Corpus: *O Ful, Tru, un Pertikler Okewant o
Bwoth War Aw Seed un Wat Aw Yerd...* (1856)

us aw hannut towd um, whol aw thynk mony o toime us aw shol kepe um gooin O
Wintur, Un neaw, gentul reedur, aw wish yo o deyle o plessur we reedin maw buke, un
iv yo leeten to loike it noane so wele us yo thaut yo shudden o dun, yo mun try fur to
thynk us th' faut's e yorsel, un noane ith

FELLEY PRO RACHDE.

